

# THE MONTH

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## *The Gunpowder Plot.*

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### II.—THE ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WE have seen that the "Conspiracy of the Powder" was, at most, the work of a small knot of reckless individuals who had apparently convinced themselves that their atrocious design was lawful and even praiseworthy,<sup>1</sup> and that although nothing can excuse the moral obliquity which made such a view possible, or extenuate the iniquity and the folly of the design itself, we must at least acknowledge, in the words of Bellarmine, that grievous provocation had been given, and that the men had been goaded to desperation.

But it has likewise been remarked that the powers then ruling in England were by no means disposed to treat the attempt of Catesby and his fellows as an ordinary conspiracy of a few malcontents. They at once fastened upon it as being the work of English Catholics collectively, and even of the Church itself officially, and as thus affording a justification of that system of persecution, which, in spite of solemn pledges to the contrary, it had been determined to pursue. To this end, from the first, a public and not a private character was assigned to the enterprise; it being finally resolved to fix the chief guilt upon the Jesuit Fathers, Garnet, Gerard, and Greenway, as typical representatives of the Catholic priesthood. To obtain evidence against these all the efforts of the Government were consistently directed, and in their endeavours to secure it, every species of fraud, falsehood, and violence was unscrupulously employed, while, though nothing worthy of the name of evidence was even by such means obtained, the version of the story officially published to the world, and firmly believed by the people of England generation after generation, represented the Jesuits, and Garnet in particular, as the arch-conspirators, in whose hands the real traitors had been no more than tools.

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Gardiner's testimony on this point. (*History of England*, i. 263, quoted in *THE MONTH*, December, 1894, p. 500.)

On so large a scale was this falsified history manufactured, and so enduring and so pernicious have been its effects, that it constituted a conspiracy more iniquitous and more sanguinary than that on which it was based. The original plot, however desperate its intention, was politically insignificant, for the desperadoes who contrived it represented nobody but themselves. On the other hand, the contrivance of the Government, devised in cold blood, long directed the policy of the country in a course of pitiless severity towards the co-religionists of the conspirators, against whom it poisoned the minds of their fellow-countrymen, who were taught to regard them as trained by their faith to be murderers and assassins, so that there could be neither peace nor security within the realm till Popery should be stamped out.

This aspect of the case has been altogether overlooked by historians, and many will probably be disposed to deny the facts here alleged. Mr. Gardiner, for example, declares that Cecil was not anxious to take any steps against the priests, unless upon clear evidence, and cites as an incontestable proof of this opinion that when, in January, 160<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub>, an offer was made to betray Gerard to him, he left the letter unanswered for some days.<sup>1</sup> It will therefore be necessary to consider somewhat fully the evidence which we have on this head.

And in the first place we must understand the position of the dexterous and unscrupulous Minister who at the period imposed his own policy upon the King, being, according to a contemporary satirist, "both shepherd and dog" that we may understand the motives which might urge him to attempt a great stroke. Before the arrival of James from Scotland, Cecil had, as is well known, been apprehensive of losing the power which he had enjoyed in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, and although for the present he had contrived to ingratiate himself with his new master, it is clear that he did not feel himself secure. Osborne tells us that he had forfeited the love of the people, "by the hate he expressed to their darling Essex, and the desire he had to render justice and prerogative arbitrary,"<sup>2</sup> while Goodman adds that "it is certain the King did not love him."<sup>3</sup> Sir Anthony Weldon speaks of him as "Sir Robert Cecil, a very wise man, but much hated in England, by reason of the fresh bleeding of that universally beloved Earle

<sup>1</sup> *History of England* (1883), i. 270.

<sup>2</sup> *Traditional Memoirs* (Edit. 1811), i. 181.

<sup>3</sup> *Court of King James*, i. 44.

of Essex, and for that was clouded also in the King's favour;"<sup>1</sup> while he was described in lampoons, generally of the grossest character, as a man

Who seemed as sent from ugly fate,  
To spoyle the prince, and rob the state,  
Owning a mind of dismall endes  
As trappes for foes, and tricks for friends.

And again as

. . . Hobinall our pastor while here,  
That once in a quarter our fleeces did sheare,  
For oblation to Pan his custom was thus  
He first gave a trifle, then offer'd up us ;  
And through his false worship such power he did gaine,  
As kept him o' th' mountain, and us on the plaine.<sup>2</sup>

He was withal especially identified with the policy hostile to the Catholics, any increase in whose influence must necessarily have told heavily against him, and dislodged him from his eminent position. Of this we have sufficient proof. A paper of informations sent to the Minister himself in April, 1604,<sup>3</sup> declares that Catholics hoped to see a good day yet, and that "his Majesty would suffer a kinde of Tolleracion, for his inclynation is good, howsoever the Counsell sett out his speeches." The letter already mentioned as probably conveying an early intimation of the Powder Plot, concludes thus: "God make the king a goud Katholyk; and let ser Robart Sesil, an my lord Cohef Gustyse lok to them selvse."<sup>4</sup> Similarly, after the discovery, a strange threatening letter said to have been thrown into his court,<sup>5</sup> which begins by a strong denunciation of the contrivers of the Plot as "more turbulent than truely Zealous and dispassionate Catholiques," goes on to say that "some of his M<sup>ties</sup> Counsell, but especially y<sup>r</sup> LoP, is known to be *primus motor* of such uncharitable tak'ing advantage by soe foule a scandall to roote out all memory of Catholickes." And another document described as "a writing found in the street,"<sup>6</sup> speaks thus to an unknown correspondent. "Sir, you desyre my counsaile for prevention of this danger we are all like to fall into by all probability this next Parliament, and doe certify me that the Erle of Salisbury is still as violent

<sup>1</sup> *Court and Character of King James*, § 10.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Osborne, *ut sup.*

<sup>3</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* v.i. 86.

<sup>4</sup> Historical MSS. Commission; App. to Third Report, p. 149.

<sup>5</sup> Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 6173, 96.

<sup>6</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xviii. 9. (*G.P.B.* 162.)

agaynst the Catholick cause as ever he was. I know it is *magna plenum opus aleæ*, as the Poet says, to write in these interceptinge dayes, but that I know well the honesty of my messenger, and your secrecye." He goes on to say, that if Spain will not or cannot intercede, "there is noe way but *ferire* or *perire*, and concludes, "If Hector weare gone the Troians would be quieter." So again Thornborough, Bishop of Bristol, writes to the Minister, in the following May, that one Sicklemore a "Seminary," in prison at Durham, on hearing of the death of Father Garnet, broke out, "The Divell is in that Lord of Salisburie, all our undoinge is his doinge, and executing Garnet is his onely deede." Which speeches the Bishop sets down as proofs of jealousy against "Aristides surnamed Justus."<sup>1</sup>

This being premised we proceed to trace the course of events. The Plot having been made manifest early on November 5th, King James on the 9th addressed a speech to Parliament in which he laid down that the intended crime was the direct result of Catholic principles, it being true "that no other sect of Heretiques, not excepting Turk, Jew, nor Pagan, no, not even those of Calicute who adore the Devil, did ever maintain by the grounds of their Religion, that it was lawfull, or rather meritorious (as the Romish Catholicks call it), to murder Princes or people for quarrel of Religion." It is true that he went on to allow that individual Catholics might escape the contamination of their creed, instancing as notable examples his own royal ancestors, but he proceeded to express, as clearly as was compatible with the laborious obscurity of his style, that the teachers of such a Church must be capable of every crime: "None of those," he pronounced, "that truly know and believe the whole grounds and school conclusions of that doctrine, can ever prove either good Christians or faithful subjects;" Popery being, as he further observed, "the true mystery of iniquity."

The line thus indicated was steadily followed. Within a few days Cecil wrote to inform the Deputy in Ireland of what had occurred, and of what nature was his account we learn from a document among the Irish State Papers.<sup>2</sup> "The 22 of the last monthe [November] I the Deputie receaved Letters from my very good Lord therle of Salisbury importinge the manner of the most detestable and inhumane treason against the person

<sup>1</sup> Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 6178, 166.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. 217, 95. The Lord Deputy was Sir Charles Cllichestre.

of his sacred Majesti and the whole bodie of the high court of parliament. . . . And as the Lord of heaven hathe in his marvelous and holy providence delivered his majesti and you all from this abominable practise of Rome and Satan, so we hope and pray that he will for ever preserve his majesti and the Church of Christ."

The terminology here employed finds a remarkable echo in the account of the conspiracy as sent by the King to Sir John Harington, who thus reports it. "I hear by the messenger from his Majesty, that these designs were not formed by a few: the whole legion of Catholics were consulted: the priests were to pacify their consciences, and the pope confirm a general absolution for this glorious deed, so honourable to God and his holy religion. His Majesty doth much meditate on this marvellous escape, and blesses God for delivering his family and saving his kingdom from *the tryumphs of Satan and the rage of Babylon*."<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile, it is not even pretended that the Government had any evidence whatever in support of such assertions, or tending to incriminate any one besides the men whose own acts had sufficiently betrayed them. Moreover, those entitled to speak with authority on the Catholic side condemned the treason in the strongest terms. Within two days of the discovery, the Superior of the English Secular Clergy, George Blackwell, the Archpriest, issued a circular to his flock, denouncing the Plot as "an intolerable, uncharitable, scandalous, and desperate fact," and a "detestable device;" reminding all that, as they knew, His Holiness had recently prohibited all attempts against the King.<sup>2</sup> Three weeks later (November 28), he issued a second address, stigmatizing the attempt as a detestable and damnable practice, odious in the sight of God, and horrible to the understanding of men; declaring that no violent action or attempt against the civil authority established in the kingdom could be other than a grievous and heinous offence to God, scandalous to the world, utterly unlawful in itself, and against God's express commandment: and charging all to behave themselves as became dutiful subjects and religious Catholics, to their loyal King, his counsellors and officers, serving in place and authority under him.<sup>3</sup>

Still more to the point was another document issued by Blackwell in the preceding July, more than three months before

<sup>1</sup> *Nuge Antiquæ*, i. 374.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.*, xvi. 21.

<sup>3</sup> Cotton MSS. *Titus*, B. vii. 468. Printed in Tierney's *Dodd*, iv. cxiii.

the Plot was discovered, communicating the injunctions of the Pope mentioned above, and severely forbidding "all suspected attempts and proceedings for liberty," as altogether unlawful.<sup>1</sup>

In like manner Father Garnet, the Superior of the Jesuits in England, whose action we shall presently have to consider more at large, had received from the General of the Society a strict injunction to repress all movements on the part of the Catholics as being prohibited by the Pope, and likely to injure the cause of religion,<sup>2</sup> and had in reply assured his Superior that already on four occasions he had hindered tumults, and would do his best for the future; but that some Catholics threatened to grow restive, asserting the natural right of self-defence; wherefore, to gain time, he had persuaded them to such a representation to the Pope,<sup>3</sup> who would, he knew, prohibit all violent action. All these documents appear to have been known to the Government, copies being found in the public records. Over and above this, the Pope, besides condemning by anticipation all rebellious attempts, through the French Ambassador, expressed his abhorrence of the attempt actually made; de Boderie being instructed to assure King James that His Holiness abhorred and condemned, more than any one else, the authors of the conspiracy and their accomplices, and that if—as was given out—any Jesuits were convicted of participation, they deserved to be punished like the rest; the Pope only desiring that the innocent should not be confounded with the guilty, or be treated with violence and rigour because of the crimes of others.<sup>4</sup>

Such were the only official pronouncements of which the Government knew, or could have known; and, as has been said, of evidence to the contrary they had no particle, when they scattered abroad the assertions which we have heard. But of Catholic disclaimers and protests no word was ever breathed, while every nerve was strained to supply the proofs which were wanted. At a later period, indeed, when these seemed to be at last within reach, Cecil virtually acknowledged that in the beginning it was his own inner consciousness on which he had drawn, "For I that know well enough the constitution of that clergy, and particularly the Jesuits, with the relation that is

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xv. 13.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xiv. 41. Dated June 15, 1605.

<sup>3</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. Corresp.* June 15; Calendar, *Dom. James I.* xv. 9.

<sup>4</sup> Le Fèvre de la Boderie, *Ambassades*, i. p. 25.

betwixt the Superior and the subordinates, can best judge what their consultations and practices have been."<sup>1</sup> The work of obtaining evidence was prosecuted with vigour. There is in the State Paper Office a memorandum in Cecil's handwriting, endorsed "Proofs against Traytours," which, although undated, is assigned to November 28, or thereabouts. In this are set down the sources whence testimony might be procured against Fathers Garnet and Greenway,<sup>2</sup> Faukes, Thomas Winter, and Tresham being indicated as the witnesses against them. We know, however, from official documents that none of these three ever mentioned the name of either Father as being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot,<sup>3</sup> whence it appears that the required evidence was meant to be extorted. What means were employed for the purpose there can be no doubt. Mr. Jardine, indeed, appears to think that we have no "direct and positive evidence" of the use of torture,<sup>4</sup> but such cannot be our judgment, in view of ascertained facts. Immediately after the apprehension of Faukes (November 6), the King himself penned a curious set of instructions for the examination of the prisoner, concluding with the following: "The gentler tortours are to be first used unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*;<sup>5</sup> and so God speede youre goode worke."<sup>6</sup> Shortly after we find Lord Dunfermline advising Cecil that the prisoners should be confined apart, in darkness, and examined by torchlight, and that the tortures

<sup>1</sup> To Sir H. Wotton, S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xix. 59.

<sup>2</sup> Father Gerard is not mentioned, but the names of Baldwin, Creswell, Stanley, and Owen, who were upon the Continent, are included. The two last-named were not Jesuits, though Owen is commonly spoken of as being so. The Calendar of State Papers in several places makes the conspirators confess to dealings with "Father Owen," or "Owen the Jesuit." In no case is this warranted by their original depositions. Owen was a soldier. (Van Ranke, *History*, i. 409.) At the same time it is curious that at an earlier date (April, 1604), an informer speaks of "Father Owen." (*Dom. James I.* vii. 86.)

<sup>3</sup> Winter and Faukes, as we shall see, did mention the name of Father Gerard, but expressly to deny his complicity. Tresham mentioned Greenway and Garnet, as well as Monteagle, as having been cognizant of a negotiation with Spain previous to the King's accession. Afterwards, when at the point of death, he retracted his statement. It was in this passage that Monteagle's name was erased. Respecting Tresham, Mr. Gardiner says, "The great object of the Government now was to obtain evidence against the priests. Of their connection with the great conspiracy it soon became evident that Tresham knew nothing. But he might be able to tell something of the share which they had taken in the mission to Spain in 1602." (*History of England*, i. 267.)

<sup>4</sup> *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 132.

<sup>5</sup> "And so by degrees to the uttermost."

<sup>6</sup> S.P.O. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 17; Calendar, *Dom. James I.* xvi. 17.



should be slow and at intervals, as being most effectual.<sup>1</sup> What was the object of all this, Mr. Gardiner tells us, "The motive for the employment of torture was the hope that it might be possible to trace the connection which was supposed to exist between the conspirators and the priests,"<sup>2</sup> and the truth of this is made manifest by Cecil himself, in a letter to Favat (December 4), wherein he says, "Most of the prisoners have wilfully forsworn that the priests knew anything in particular, and obstinately refuse to be accusers of them, *yea, what torture soever they be put to.*"<sup>3</sup> But we have evidence even more eloquent than this plain admission, in the declaration of Faukes made as early as November 9, the signature appended to which bears ghastly witness to the endurance of such torments as could not even comparatively be termed gentle. He had on previous occasions signed his name in a free bold hand, by no means unscholarly, but here, in the words of Mr. Gardiner, "the signature which he affixed to his declaration, is written in a broken, trembling hand, as by a man who has lost all command over his limbs. . . . Undoubtedly he was subjected to torture of no ordinary severity."<sup>4</sup>

It should be added, that after faintly tracing his Christian name, Guido, he could do no more, two irregular dashes alone representing the other.<sup>5</sup> Some days after, Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, wrote to Cecil, "Tomas Winter *doth find his hand so stronge*, as after dynner he will settle himself to write that he verbally declared to your Lordship, adding what he shall remember."<sup>6</sup> At a later period (March 6th, 1605-6), we have in a signature of Father Oldcorne's evidence similar to that which we have seen in regard of Faukes.<sup>7</sup> It moreover appears that in respect of persons "of meaner quality," even greater severity was used than towards the rest. On March 3rd, Father Garnet writes,<sup>8</sup> to endeavour to procure beds for "James, John, and Harry, who have been tortured tortured" (*sic*). The

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xvi. 81.

<sup>2</sup> *History of England*, i. 266.

<sup>3</sup> (Copy) Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 6178. fol. 625.

<sup>4</sup> *History of England*, i. 266.

<sup>5</sup> S.P.O. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 54; Calendar, *Dom. James I.* xvi. 38.

<sup>6</sup> Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 6178, 84. (Nov. 21.)

<sup>7</sup> S.P.O. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 197.

<sup>8</sup> This is one of his letters written in orange-juice, still preserved in the S.P.O. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 242. Coke, in his speech at the trial, made a point of this secret writing, against the accused, "He wrote cunningly with the juice of an Orange, or of a Limmon." (*True and Perfect Relation*, sig. T, 1.) In another passage these letters are spoken of as written "with sacke." (Sig. Z, 3.)

second of these was probably his own "servant," the lay-brother, Nicholas Owen,<sup>1</sup> and he it is that actually died upon the rack.<sup>2</sup>

In spite, however, of all these devices, it was some time before anything was forthcoming which the Government desired. Faukes, indeed, when under torture on November 9th, acknowledged that he and other conspirators having taken to one another an oath of secrecy, had proceeded to another room and received the Sacrament at the hands of Father Gerard, as a pledge of mutual fidelity; but he went on to declare, that, "Gerard was not acquainted with their purpose." This introduces us to another feature of the Government tactics. The above declaration, like others similarly wrung from the con-

<sup>1</sup> Commonly known as Littlejohn. Of James Johnson, Garnet says, that he was on the rack for three hours. (S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xviii. 117.)

<sup>2</sup> It is scarcely necessary to point out the absurdity of the official story, that he committed suicide, which is thus reported by Mr. Jardine, who apparently accepts it. (*Criminal Trials*, ii. 214; *Gunpowder Plot*, 198.) "His thumbs were tied together and he was suspended by them to a beam, while the questions were repeated to him, . . . but his confession, which is at the State Paper Office, disclosed no matters of any importance, and he was therefore informed that at his next examination he would be placed on the rack. Complaining of illness the next day, his keeper carried him a chair to use at his dinner, and with his food a blunt-pointed knife. . . . Owen finding fault with the coldness of his broth, besought the keeper to put it on the fire for him in an adjoining apartment; and as soon as the man had left the cell, ripped up his belly in a frightful manner with the knife. . . . In answer to questions, the dying man affirmed that he had committed the act entirely from the apprehension of severer torture than he had suffered. . . . He expired soon afterwards, and an inquest being held upon his body, in the Tower, a verdict of *felo de se* was returned."

Of this relation Father Gerard implies that those who concocted it, had not, like himself, been personally acquainted with the torture. "For first," he says, "in that case, knives are not allowed, but only in time of meat, while one stands by, and those such as are broad at the point, and will only cut towards the midst. And if one be sore tortured (though much less than he was), he is not able to handle that knife neither for many days, but his keeper must cut his meat for him."

He goes on to quote positive evidence on the subject. "But his particular case proceeded yet further, for his weakness was such that when a kinswoman of his (to whom they sent for some relief for him), desired to see by his writing what he would have, his keeper answered: 'What would you have him write? He is not able to put on his own cap; no not to feed himself, but I am forced to feed him.' This man was likely, then belike, to do such a deed with a knife which he was not able to grasp. But afterwards, the same party, seeking further to know his estate, and coming to the keeper to learn, as desirous to help him with anything that was needful, he secretly wished her to trouble herself no more, for, said he, 'The man is dead, he died in our hand.' This was known presently to divers Catholics, though reported in private, as it was spoken, for fear of further examination and trouble." (*Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 189.)

It was further remarked that the body was not publicly buried, as it should have been in accordance with the verdict; the inference being that the authorities dared not exhibit it.

Father Garnet had foretold that nothing would be got out of Owen, which sufficiently explains the severity of his torture.

spirators, was afterwards to be used as evidence in court, but there was no desire to employ it except for purposes of incrimination, and accordingly the sentence exculpating the Jesuit was marked off in red ink by Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney General, who wrote in the margin *Hucusque*, ("thus far only") as may still be read in his own hand.<sup>1</sup> When at a later period Thomas Winter made a precisely similar statement, it was mutilated in the same fashion.<sup>2</sup> While in the official account of the trial we find this evidence thus represented by the Attorney General: "This Oath *was by Gerrard the Jesuite given to Catesby, Percy, Christopher Wright, and Thomas Winter, at once, and by Greenwel the Jesuite to Bates at another time, and so to the rest.*"<sup>3</sup>

At last, on December 4th, one of the conspirators, Thomas Bates, is said to have made a statement implicating Father Greenway. He, Catesby's servant, was the only one among the conspirators who was not a gentleman, and being what he was, it is not improbable that he received even rougher usage than his confederates. It is, moreover, evident that he said something about Greenway, for he afterwards retracted it in a letter given in full by Gerard,<sup>4</sup> wherein he speaks thus: "At my last being before them I told them I thought Mr. Greenway knew of this business. . . . This I told them and no more. For which I am heartily sorry for, and I trust God will forgive me, for I did it not out of malice, but in hope to gain my life by it, which I now think did me no good. Thus desiring your daily prayers, I commit you to God."

This, however, by no means agrees with the confession produced by the Government, which is of a totally different significance. After relating how he had been drawn into the conspiracy, and bidden to confirm his oath of secrecy by

<sup>1</sup> *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 54.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 164.

<sup>3</sup> *True and Perfect Relation*. (1606.) It must be remembered that the evidence presented in court, consisted of written depositions, all of which we have. The originals of these are frequently at variance with the account of their contents as they were published by authority. There is no mention in any document of Greenway (Greenwell) having given the oath to any one.

<sup>4</sup> *History of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 210. The authenticity of this letter appears to be acknowledged by Cecil himself, in a speech of his at Father Garnet's trial, thus reported in one of the MS. accounts (Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 21203; *Plut.* c.ij. F, fol. 39): "There is now current in the towre a Letter written under Bates his owne hand di. vowinge his confession and cleeringe Greenway in this practize, and in their Pasquills and libells they say that Bates confessed for hope of his lyfe, but how truelie the world may nowe judge."

receiving the Sacrament upon it, he is therein represented as thus continuing: "He thereupon went to confession to a priest named Greenway; and in his confession told Greenway that he was to conceal a very dangerous piece of work, . . . and he being fearful of it, asked counsel of Greenway, telling the said Greenway (which he was not desirous to hear) their particular intent and purpose of blowing up the Parliament House; and Greenway the priest, thereto said, that he would take no notice thereof, but that he, the said examinee, should be secret in that which his master had imparted unto him, because it was for a good cause, and that he willed this examinee to tell no other priest of it; saying, moreover, that it was not dangerous unto him, nor any offence to conceal it. And thereupon the said priest, Greenway, gave this examinee absolution; and received the Sacrament in company of his master, Robert Catesby, and Thomas Winter."<sup>1</sup>

Supposing Bates to have actually made this very explicit statement, it must be remembered that Greenway himself, when he was afterwards beyond reach of danger, declared on his salvation, that Bates never spoke one word to him of the Plot, either in or out of confession.<sup>2</sup> But as to the statement itself there are some difficulties which are at least worthy of notice.

It is, in the first place, a remarkable circumstance, which appears to have been generally overlooked, that we possess this important confession only in a copy, the body of the document and the signatures, of deponent and witnesses being all in the same hand. This is the more curious when associated with other instances in which evidence of prime moment comes to us in similarly unauthentic form, whereas the far larger number of original declarations contain little or nothing of the kind. Moreover, this copy has been used as if it were an original. The important passage, that cited above, is signalized in the margin by a §, while on the back is an official endorsement: "The Exam. of Tho. Bate, 4 Dec. 1605. § Greenway."

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 145; *Dom. James I.* xvii. 11. (Calendar.)

<sup>2</sup> "His denial," remarks Mr. Jardine, "to a certain extent is corroborated by Garnet, who, in an examination of the 12th of March, 1605-6, says that Greenway did not tell him that Bates had acquainted him with the Plot, or that Bates knew of it." (*Criminal Trials*, ii. 192.) It should further be observed, that Bates who was made aware of the conspiracy about January, 1605, must have made his confession shortly afterwards. We know, however, that Greenway heard of the Plot in confession from Catesby, in July, and that this was his first information is shown by the effect which the news produced, for he went forthwith to consult Garnet.

Beyond this, the very explicitness of the statement suggests further questions. It was doubtless just what the Government wanted, and that it was so is shown by the use made of it, for in the official account of the trial of the eight conspirators, this is the only confession specially mentioned, and it is mentioned twice, and with great emphasis.<sup>1</sup> We cannot, however, forget that, as Mr. Jardine allows,<sup>2</sup> this official narrative, *The True and Perfect Relation*, is an utterly untrustworthy and dishonest production; that some of the evidence quoted therein has been deliberately falsified;<sup>3</sup> that all is to be suspected unless supported by original documents; that its object was to make the public believe what authorities wished to be believed; and that this was done by surrounding fictions with undoubted truths, "with such apparent simplicity and carelessness, but in fact with such consummate art and depth of design, that the reader is beguiled into an unsuspecting belief of the whole narrative;" whereas much is introduced which could not by possibility have happened on the occasion. "The fidelity of the story," he continues, "is vouched by the introduction of depositions and documents, which give an air of candour and authority, but which might be garbled without fear of detection, as the originals were in the power of those who employed him."<sup>4</sup>

We are, therefore, naturally led to inquire, whether this confession of Bates, as we have it, was actually used while he was still alive to contradict it, and on this point is to be found some most interesting evidence, which illustrates in a remarkable manner the observations we have just heard.

There are among the British Museum MSS. some documents relating to our subject. One of these<sup>5</sup> dealing with the general

<sup>1</sup> *True and Perfect Relation*, sig. G, 2, and K, 3. In the latter passage we read: "The voluntarie and free confessions of all the said severall Traitors in writing subscribed with their owne proper hands, and acknowledged at the Barre by themselves to be true, were openly and distinctly read. By which, amongst other things, it appears that *Bates* was resolved for all hee undertooke concerning the powder Treason, and being (*sic*) therein warranted by the Jesuites."

<sup>2</sup> *Gunpowder Plot*, viii. and 214.

<sup>3</sup> See the examples quoted by him, *ibid.* p. 6.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Jardine is of opinion that the *True and Perfect Relation* was composed by Bacon.

<sup>5</sup> Harleian MSS. 350, fol. 92, &c., entitled "The apprehension of Henry Garnet. . . . Also a true Historically Declaration of the flight and escape of Robert Winter and Stephen Littleton. . . . With a true Relation of Divers other Matters Concerning this Last Horable and Detested Treason and the actors thereof, Never specified in any Booke yet printed."

At the end is written, "I have read this treatise and have found nothing that is dangerous or hurtfull any way, but verie necessarie and profitable.—Per me, Owinum Hughes."

history of the Plot, which was written after the trial of the conspirators (January 27), and seemingly before that of Garnet (March 28), which it never mentions, sets itself in a special manner to prove the complicity of priests and Jesuits. On this point it argues as follows: "Agayne it is a thing very especially observed among men of their profession that they never undertake any fact whatever in behalfe of the Catholique cause, as themselves use to call it, but they will first have the same to be considered on by ghostly counsell, and warranted by authority of their confessors advise." This statement the writer illustrates by the examples of Parry, Babington, and Squire, in the reign of Elizabeth, and thus continues: "Can it then be imagined that such an arche treason surpassing in subtiltie (etc.) all that had ever bin attempted, should want this due form and proportion?" He then proceeds to indicate the individual priests incriminated: "In the very next entraunce of the ensuing Crime comes forth three Jesuites hand in hand, John Gerrard, Henrie Garnet, and lastly Oswald Tesmond, *alias* Greenway, who (*as the proclamation speakes it*) have all three bin practisers in the same treason, and *doubtless* (with others of the same coate and condition) the allowers, warranters, and comforting cherishers of the whole proceeding in this unnatural action."<sup>1</sup>

It is impossible that the writer should have been satisfied with so weak an argument, had he known of the direct evidence supplied by Bates' alleged statement.

Still more definite is the information afforded by another document in the same collection,<sup>2</sup> which is a report of the trial of Father Garnet, amply bearing out Mr. Jardine's account of the method in which its story was worked up for the public eye, since while it corresponds with the official version in the main outline of the proceedings, and in many parts agrees absolutely with it, in others, and those the more important, there is the greatest variation, and always of such a kind as to make the latter the more effective. In this manuscript we have the confession of Bates quoted in full, and while in its earlier portion it exactly resembles the other,<sup>3</sup> in its important concluding paragraph we find as follows: "Catsbye afterwards discovered the projecte unto him. Shortly after which discoverie,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. 96.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* fol. 109, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. 117. The name of the person from whom Catesby hired a lodging has been carefully erased. In the published declaration this is given as Powell.

Bates went to Masse to Tessimond (Greenway), and then was confessed and had absolution."

On this it is an obvious remark, that, on the one hand, it is incredible that the reporter should have omitted the main point of the whole evidence, had he known of it, and on the other, that such a form of deposition afforded a foundation on which those who wished to do so might build. It was assumed that Bates in confession must have spoken of the Plot,<sup>1</sup> and in the same report which gives the confession in this form we find Sir E. Coke so quoting it. While, however, nothing is said on this particular point, we know that the other conspirators, in deference to Catesby, who assured them that the project, far from being sinful, was meritorious, never mentioned it in confession, and it appears probable that the influence which could thus affect others must have been specially powerful in the case of Bates, Catesby's own servant, who was devoted to his master, as he showed in his direst extremity.

Another MS. account of Garnet's trial<sup>2</sup> supplies one more significant item. Coke having objected to the Father that Greenway was an accomplice, and cited the testimony of Bates in proof of the assertion, Garnet pertinently rejoined that "Bates was a dead man," and could no longer speak for himself.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of the manner in which the prosecution assumed such matters there are interesting examples in the same MS. Thus, speaking of the origin of the Plot, we find Sir E. Coke saying, "Garnett and Catesbye having conference together, *without question* Catesbye discovered the whole plot to Garnett, who not only concealed it, with hope of good successe therein, but *as it is probable* gave warrant to Catesbye to procede as in an action verie lawfull." (fol. 112.) This remarkable specimen of argumentation is in the printed version replaced by the following: "In March, 1603, Garnet and Catesby (a pestilent Traitor) conferre together, and Catesby in generall telleth him (though most falsely) that the King had broken promise with the Catholikes, and therefore assuredly, there would be stirres in England before it were long." (*True and Perfect Relation*, sig. R, 2.)

<sup>2</sup> Brit. Mus. Add. 21203; *Plut.* ciii. F. Printed in Foley's *Records*, vol. iv. pp. 164, seq.

<sup>3</sup> The rest of the reply put into Garnet's mouth has obviously been misunderstood by the reporter, as is frequently the case when the doctrine of confession is concerned, being quite unintelligible. Apparently he laid down the correct rule, that if Bates had really confessed the Plot to Greenway, the latter was tongue-tied as to what he himself said in reply. This episode being entirely omitted in the *True and Perfect Relation*, the force of Garnet's remark would seem to have been felt.

It is remarkable that the prosecution did not venture to challenge the sanctity of the sacramental seal, but some strange assertions were made respecting it. Thus Coke laid down, as the Catholic doctrine, that if the penitent be not truly contrite, the confession is not bound to secrecy; and, again, that the obligation does not extend beyond the penitent himself, what he tells regarding others being excluded.



On January 13th, 1605, the same Bates further confessed that when, after the failure of the Plot, the conspirators were at Haddington during their flight, he had been sent with a letter to Garnet and Greenway, then at Coughton, not far off, to tell them what had happened. This would appear to have been the first mention of Garnet's name, and no action or manifestation of sympathy was imputed to him by the witness.<sup>1</sup>

Two days later Cecil wrote to Lady Markham, who had offered to betray Gerard, that *though loath to prosecute the Jesuits, yet finding they have been principals in the conspiracy*, he accepted her offer, and that Garnet, Greenway, and Gerard were the guilty men.<sup>2</sup> Against the last-named, as will be observed, no evidence of any kind had yet been found. Nevertheless proclamation issued on the same day for the apprehension of the three Jesuits, as having been "peculiarly practisers" in the treason, Gerard's name stands first; another indication that the procedure of their enemies was altogether independent of proofs. Father Gerard did not rest quiet under such an imputation. He at once wrote what he calls a "public letter," which he caused to be multiplied and scattered up and down the streets of London, disclaiming all knowledge of the Plot, which he vehemently denounced. Not content with this, he wrote to three Lords of the Council, one of them being Cecil himself, protesting his innocence of this "foul and unnatural treason," and imploring that they would, in justice to a man unrighteously accused, put the question of his guilt or innocence to the conspirators themselves, and in particular to Sir Everard Digby, who knew him best, and for whom he enclosed a letter. If found guilty he protested his readiness to suffer any punishment.<sup>3</sup> He subscribes himself "Your Lordship's prone and humble suppliant, never to be proved false to King and country." Of course no notice whatever was taken of this vigorous disclaimer, nor of one to the same effect by Father Garnet.<sup>4</sup> On the 25th of the same month of January, was passed an Act of Parliament for the solemnization of the memory of the Plot, the preamble

<sup>1</sup> Of Greenway's alleged conduct on this occasion we shall have to speak later.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xviii. 19.

<sup>3</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xviii. 35. He did not, however, as the Calendar of State Papers has it, request an audience of Salisbury, which would have been granted only too gladly. What he did ask was, that the Minister would afford him "such audience as may be sufficient to make trial of my innocence," *i.e.*, such a hearing.

<sup>4</sup> Printed by Foley, *Records*, vol. iv. 66.

containing a sweeping declaration that the late most dangerous Treason was instigated by "jesuits, seminaries, and Romish priests."<sup>1</sup> In consequence, a special service for the day—marked in the Calendar as the "Papists' Conspiracy," was inserted in the Prayer Book, in the first Collect whereof were returned thanks, "for the wonderful and mighty deliverance of our gracious Sovereign, King James, the Queen, the Prince, and all the Royal Branches, with the Nobility, Clergy, and Commons of this Realm . . . by Popish treachery appointed as sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the examples of former ages."<sup>2</sup>

Two days later, on the 27th, the surviving conspirators were put upon their trial; the indictment declaring, that, being traitorously met together, Henry Garnet, Oswald Tesmond,<sup>3</sup> John Gerard, and *other Jesuits*, did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously move the prisoners at the bar, and their accomplices since dead, on the plea that the King, nobility, clergy, and Commons were heretics and excommunicated, to accomplish their destruction.<sup>4</sup> In opening the case for the Crown, Sir Edward Philips thus re-echoed the old original charge, against not those only whom Cecil had himself designated as the guilty men, but the Catholic Church itself: "How much more than too too monstrous shall all Christian hearts judge the horror of this Treason, to murder and subvert—such a King,—such a Queen,—such a Prince,—such a Progenie,—such a State,—such a Government,—so complete and absolute; That God approves: The world admires: All true English hearts honour and reverence: The Pope and his disciples onely, envies and malignes?" while his leader, Coke, declaimed in such terms as these against the whole Order of the Jesuits: "Their protestations and pretences, are to win soules to God, their proofes weake, light and of no value, their conclusions false, damnable, and damned heresies: The first mentioneth God, the second savoreth of weake and fraile man, the last of the Devill, and their practise easily appeareth out of the dealing of their holy Father."

From all this, it appears how small a part was played in the affair by the evidence in hand, and that the proceedings were consistently guided by the principles indicated at the commence-

<sup>1</sup> Cobbett's *Parliamentary History* (1806), i. 1064.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Newman, as an Anglican, would not use this service.

<sup>3</sup> Tesmond or Tesimond seems to have been Greenway's real name. Garnet always called him Greenwell.

<sup>4</sup> Cobbett's *State Trials* (1809), i. 160.

ment, with the object of giving to the conspiracy a public and not a private complexion.

We have, however, by no means got to the end of the tortuous tale. About the period of the arraignment of the conspirators, one of the proclaimed Jesuits, Father Garnet, was at last taken<sup>1</sup> and a fresh chapter in the history was begun; for although he had been publicly declared to have been proved, not merely an accomplice, but a principal in the conspiracy, it was presently shown by the course adopted, that evidence against him remained still undiscovered. Before we examine the methods by which this was sought, one or two observations must be made if we wish in any degree to realize the utterly unprincipled and fraudulent measures which it was held consistent with the ends of justice to employ for such a purpose.

It is clear that before examining a prisoner, whose replies were to be used as evidence against himself and others, the Government drew out in detail the answers which they meant him to give, and treated him as an obstinate perjurer if he failed to satisfy their requirements. Of this we have already seen an indication in Cecil's complaint that the conspirators wilfully forswore themselves in exculpating the priests, in spite of torture. A very remarkable confirmation of this point is afforded by a series of interrogations prepared for Father Strange, the Jesuit, now among the Hatfield MSS.<sup>2</sup> In these

<sup>1</sup> In his company was captured Father Oldcorne, *alias* Hall, who though not charged with complicity in the crime, was put to death for having aided and abetted the escape of Garnet.

<sup>2</sup> (Copy) B. Mus. MSS. Add. 6178, 74. About Father Strange's case there is a good deal of mystery. He was captured and examined on the rack [Foley's *Collectanea* and *Records*, vol. iv. 3, seq.], but no evidence of his was ever quoted, and after Cecil's death he was set at liberty. There are frequent allusions to him at an earlier date, in the reports of spies. Thus, three months before the discovery of the Plot (August, 1605), Sir William Waad writes to Cecil, "Udall came unto me, and told me that in my absence from London he had conference with Strange, who left with him the inclosed letter for yr Hble Lp., whereby yr Lp will perceave the offer he maketh. Whether it be to procure yr Lps consent to give ease unto him, or that Udall doth conceive it so, he dothe constantly affirm that Strange will discover the whole plot to yr Lp, intertayned amongst themselves when they were fellow prisoners. Strange further hath told Udall that there is a booke set forthe in French and ready to go to the Press by consent of those vipers they call the Fathers, but done by a Frenchman, and to be printed at Rome, this Libell is invective against yr Lps honorable Father, etc."

In another letter of information, addressed to Sir Thomas Challoner, June, 1604, Father Strange is mentioned as being the Jesuits' Agent, and writing from St. Omers to Joseph Davies, "Mr. Strange his sole friend here." (S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* viii. 82.) Davies was evidently a tool, perhaps an unwilling one, in the hands of the Government, supplying various items of information concerning him in other documents,

question and answer are alike set forth, and in the latter far more damaging matters against the accused Fathers than the prosecution ever found itself able to procure, as may be seen from the following specimens.

"Whether were you not acquainted with the oath of secrecy and constancy lately taken against the King by the Jesuites and their adherents for the effecting of the late horrible treason by Gunpowder, and where and by whom were you therewith made acquainted? . . . This oath was taken by Tesimond and others a little before the 17th of May, 1604, and notice was further given that the villany of the Jesuites and their adherents against his Matie would take effect (if not tymeously prevented) about the beginning of the Parliment intended to have been held in Michalmas Terme last. . . . Letters had come from Parsons at St. Omers, and it had been arranged among their superior heads that if the design should be discovered the main point nor the principal dealers should never come in question for the great cause sake."

All this, it is clear, was mere assumption, for Strange being so inconsiderate as to refuse the required testimony, it could not be brought forward, as assuredly it would have been if forthcoming. There are, however, strong grounds for suspecting that such an obstacle was not always allowed to stand in the way of a particularly desirable piece of evidence. We know, as Mr. Jardine<sup>1</sup> fully acknowledges, that the authorities upon occasion were not above direct falsification of the depositions actually obtained, and we have seen reason to suspect a gross example of such fraud in regard of the confession of Bates.

We know, moreover, that the Minister instructed Sir Edward Coke, the prosecuting counsel, as to his conduct of the case, for in a document which survives he bids him make it appear that the Catholics were disloyal to King James long before the disappointment of their hopes at his hands, concluding with the injunction, "You must remember to lay Owen as foul in this as you can."<sup>2</sup> We have already seen how "Mr. Attorney"

as in the interrogatory cited above. In another letter to the same Challoner, a correspondent, who is at pains to remain anonymous, requests that he would be pleased "to procure Davies to the Tower pryvately as may be." (S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* viii. 83.) It is most remarkable that whereas the matters alleged to have been thus written by Strange were distinctly treasonable, far more so than anything produced in court, they should never have been officially used, and Strange himself never tried.

<sup>1</sup> See the examples quoted by him, *Criminal Trials*, ii. p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xi. x. 94.

manipulated the depositions obtained, causing those passages to be omitted which told in favour of the accused, and speaking as though the evidence given had been precisely contrary to what it actually was. We shall afterwards have to consider other instances of the same dishonest conduct on a larger scale, amounting, as Mr. Jardine confesses, to actual fabrication of evidence; and, as we shall see, there are, to say the least, very suspicious circumstances as to the mode in which certain depositions were procured. Over and above all this, every species of falsehood and deceit was unquestionably employed towards the prisoners, with the one object of securing evidence to convict them. All this must be borne in mind if we would rightly appreciate the spirit in which the Government acted towards the accused, or estimate the worth of the statements officially put forth in their regard.

This is not the place to consider in detail the arguments as to Father Garnet's guilt or innocence, which will be examined on another occasion. For the present, we are concerned with the action of the Government, and the settled policy to which such action bears witness. The Father was captured at Hendlip Hall on January 30th, and arrived in the Tower on February 6th, 1605. He had already been publicly denounced as the main contriver of the Powder Treason, who along with the other Jesuits, his religious subjects, had drawn the lay conspirators into the crime. Moreover, by the time of his arrest, all the evidence ever got from these conspirators had been obtained, for they were executed on the 30th and 31st of January. It is manifest, however, as we shall presently see, that at this period no proof had yet been found that Garnet was even aware of the existence of the Plot, and it became the great object to entrap him into some acknowledgment that might be used against him. With this purpose he was not only examined and cross-examined three-and-twenty times, but he was induced to write letters to his friends, his jailor, who feigned friendship for him, undertaking to convey them. These letters, and the replies, were handed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who had accurate copies made and then forwarded, retaining the originals,<sup>1</sup> that so

<sup>1</sup> We find, S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xxiv. 38, an application to Cecil from one Arthur Gregory, who recounts his past services in counterfeiting writing, discovering secret writing, &c., and entreats favour. This may refer to Father Garnet's correspondence, which was written in orange juice, requiring to be developed by heat before it could be read. There seems some reason to suspect that Ben Jonson, the poet, was employed by the Government in some transactions connected with the Plot. (See his letter to Cecil, S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xvi. 29.)

the correspondence might continue. He was also informed by the same jailor of a chink through which he could converse with Father Oldcorne, who was in an adjoining cell, and when they made use of this opportunity to hear each other's confessions, and hold other conference, spies stationed within the partition overheard and reported what they said. Besides this he was falsely assured that Greenway had been taken, and had contradicted the story he told; while his own utterances, amid these and other like embarrassments, were manipulated to his disadvantage in the most unscrupulous manner. It was on the evidence so obtained that he was hanged, evidence sufficiently summarized in his own declaration on the scaffold, which, as Mr. Gardiner pronounces, "was in all probability the exact truth."<sup>1</sup>

He had, he acknowledged, heard of the Plot to his unutterable distress, from Father Greenway, under the seal of confession, Greenway having his knowledge from Catesby, who had imparted it in the same manner, and informing him in order to ask his counsel as to what should be done in so terrible a case. Besides this, he had previously gathered in general from the tone of some of the conspirators, that they were disinclined to remain passive under their sufferings, and meant to do something for themselves. He had always, he declared, vehemently reprehended any such project, and hoped that he had induced them to postpone all violent attempts until the Pope should have been consulted, who would "certainly prohibit them, as he had already done, by letter. In view, however, of the frightful nature of the actual project, he was now ready to censure himself for not having revealed his vague general information. As for the Plot itself, he utterly condemned it as "altogether unlawful and most horrible," and declared himself to have been ever of opinion that it was unlawful to attempt any violence against the King "after he was once received by the realm."

This was the sum and substance of his case as it finally appeared. We have been obliged to anticipate its full development, in order to be able to judge aright concerning the course pursued by his enemies.

We must again recall the fact that on January 15th he had been proclaimed as having been discovered to be a "particular practiser" in the treason, and on the 27th had been named in the indictment as its principal author. But more than a month

<sup>1</sup> *History of England*, i. 282.

later, after a course of examinations such as we have described, we find Cecil writing thus to Sir Henry Bruncard, in Ireland: "That which remaineth is but this, to assure you *that ere many daies you shall hear that Father Garnet, otherwise called Wally, is layd open for a principall conspirator even in the particular Treason of the Powder*, whereof (me thinks) that whole Society should for ever be ashamed, considering that he is their Provincial Superintendent of the kingdome."<sup>1</sup> Six days later we find the evidence still only in the future, while the Minister, writing to the Earl of Mar, shows his hand still more plainly, in his desire to make it appear that there is no desire to persecute Catholics for conscience sake, but is forced to pursue them on account of their treasonable practices. "Since our Parliament beganne," he says, "we have provided as you have heard with the Gunpowder Traitors, in which though diverse Priests have been noted to be fowle, yet none of them hath fallen into our hands but Walley, *of whom wee conceive yr. Lpp. shall shortlie heare that he is condemned by cleare justice to have been privie to the fowlest treason. . . .* For his life, it is not it which is of valewe, but seeing the lawe of nature and of nations teacheth all kings to prevent destruction, practised under the mantell of religion, *it is expedient to make it manifest to the world how farre these men's doctrine and practice trencheth into the bowells of treason. And so for ever after stopp the mouths of their calumination that preach and print our lawes to be executed for difference in point of conscience.*"<sup>2</sup>

In the same manner, in the letter to Bruncard, above cited, he had written, "I must plainly tell you, as my good friend, that I must still apprehend the dangerous estate wherein we live, *considering how wee are forced, after soe long a suffering, to run a course more violent than standeth either with the ordinary rules of morall policy, or with the moderation of his maties mind.* But necessity hath no law, and the same God, who blessed us in our slumber, will not forsake us when wee are awake."

On the 19th of the same month he wrote to Sir H. Wotton, Ambassador at Venice, the distance of his correspondent apparently encouraging greater latitude of assertion: "His Majesty rests very well satisfied . . . with the course which you hold with the Nuncio, considering the manner of his negotiations with you, whereof although his Ma<sup>y</sup> had never reason to

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Ireland*, vol. 218, March 3, 160<sup>8</sup>; *Dom. James I.* xix. 10.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xix. 27, March 9, 160<sup>8</sup>.



make any estimation, yet hath he now least cause of all other to beleve that either his Master or any of his Spiritts (whatsoever their professions have been) did ever intend any other good than the utter subversion of him and his estate. For now they may see that the just lawes that were enacted during the Reigne of y<sup>e</sup> late Queen of famous memory against those Romish Catholiques, and particularly against Priests and Jesuits, which they then calumniated and termed persecutions for difference in point of conscience and religion, are demonstrated to have been for no other cause than for high Treason . . . when Garnet, the Provincial, who was one of those proscribed by the Proclamation, being now taken and examined in y<sup>e</sup> Tower, *hath confessed bothe his owne privy and Greenway's to y<sup>e</sup> Treason, not sticking to avow y<sup>e</sup> action justifiable by Divinity.*"<sup>1</sup>

When the time came for Father Garnet to be put upon his trial, Cecil, in a similar strain, publicly manifested his object of making the Church and the Catholic religion appear as the real criminals. After declaring that nothing was more desired by himself and his fellow Commissioners, "next the glory of God, than to demonstrate to the world with what sinceritie and moderation his Majestic's Justice was carried in all points," he went on to rejoice at being present "where God's cause should receive so much honour, by discrediting the person of Garnet, on whome the common Adversarie had thought to conferre the usurpation of such an eminent jurisdiction . . . when this opportunitie was put into his hands, whereby there might be made so visible an *Anatomie of Popish doctrine, from whence these Treasons have their source and support.*"<sup>2</sup>

Not satisfied with this, Cecil made it a point, playing with his victim as a cat with a mouse, to assume the character of an injured man, intimidated by the craft of his antagonist. We learn from a letter describing the same trial, how "The earle of Salisburie . . . declared that by reason of their impudent slanders and reports we are kept in such awe that we dare not proceed against them by such meanes as they do in other countries to get out the truth, but are faine to flatter and pamper them ; for yf any of them die in prison of sickness they say he is starved or tortured to death ; yf any man kill himself, he is made away by us, so that we are faine to get at matters by fayre meanes as we can."<sup>3</sup> It was probably as a grim joke that he had previously

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xix. 59.

<sup>2</sup> *True and Perfect Relation*, Y.

<sup>3</sup> Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton. (S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xx. 5.)

written to Mar, in the letter quoted above: "Onelie the feare we have is that wee, the Commissioners, shall be excommunicated for meddling with him that is the little Pope of this kindome, the feare whereof makes you keepe in Scotland;" though at the same time we elsewhere find great dread professed of such excommunication. In the information sent to Sir T. Challoner, in June, 1604, we find the following: "But the maine point ys this, that a legate is coming from the Pope, whom if the King satisfy nott in honourable conditions of safety for the Priests and Jesuites, that instantly he shall be excommunicated, and so ly open to all dangers without curse to anie man that shall attempt ought against him."<sup>1</sup>

Of the devices employed by Sir E. Coke, the Attorney General, something has been said, and we shall have to say more, but we must here give one example which will serve also to illustrate the position of the accused. The following declaration of Father Garnet as to his general knowledge of threatened trouble was used as evidence in court, but the passages here given in italics, as telling in his favour, were then omitted, in accordance with Coke's instructions still to be read on the original.<sup>2</sup>

I have remembered some things, which, because they were long before my knowledge of the Powder acts,<sup>3</sup> I had forgotten.

About Michaelmas, after the King came in (1603) Mr. Catesby told me there would be some stirring, seeing the King kept not promise.

*And I greatly misliked it, saying it was against the Pope's express commandment; for I had a letter from the General thereof, dated in July before, wherein was earnestly, by Clement,<sup>4</sup> commanded the very same, which this Pope<sup>5</sup> commanded the last summer. Therefore I earnestly desired him that he and Mr. Thomas Winter would not join with any such tumults, for in respect of their often conversation with us, we should be thought accessory. He assured me he would not. But neither he told, nor I asked any particulars.*

Long after this, about Midsummer was twelvemonth (1604), either Mr. Catesby alone, or he and Thomas Winter together, insinuated that they had somewhat in hand, and that they would sure prevail.

*I still reprov'd them: but they entered into no particulars.*

Soon after came Mr. Greenwell (Greenway) to me, and told me as much.

*I greatly misliked any stirring, and said, "Good Lord! how is it possible that God work any good effect by these men? These are not*

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. Dom. James I. viii. 82.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. Dom. James I. xix. 41.

<sup>3</sup> Viz., that obtained in confession.

<sup>4</sup> Clement VIII.

<sup>5</sup> Pius V.

*God's Knights, but the devil's knights."* Mr. Greenwell told this to Thomas Winter, who, about a month after Michaelmas, came to me and expostulated that I had so hard a conceit of him, and would never tell him of it. As for their intermeddling in matters of tumults, since I disliked it, he promised they would give over; and I never heard more of it until the question propounded by Mr. Catesby.<sup>1</sup> As for his asking me of the lawfulness of killing the King, I am sure it was never asked me in my life: and I was always resolute that it was not lawful: but he was so resolved in conscience, that it was lawful in itself to take arms for religion, that no man could dissuade it, but by the Pope's prohibition, which afterwards I inculcated, as I have said before.<sup>2</sup>

The tactics thus persistently practised did not cease with the gallows. For the benefit of the world at large an official account of the proceedings was published in what was commonly styled, "The King's Book," purporting to be "A True and Perfect Relation of the whole proceedings against the late most barbarous Traitors, *Garnet* a Jesuit, and his Confederats,"<sup>3</sup> which, in its preface to the Reader, justifies its appearance on the ground that although the various culprits had openly confessed their guilt in the hearing of multitudes of people, yet divers, uncertain, untrue, and incoherent reports and relations had got abroad, whereas it was necessary "for men to understand the birth and growth of the said abominable and detestable Conspiracy, and who were the principal Authors and Actors in the same." This work was not only assiduously disseminated in England, but sent, together with a copy of the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament, to ambassadors at foreign courts, translated into several languages and spread throughout Europe. Of the character of this work we have already had sufficient evidence.

Yet the desired end was attained, and it was deeply impressed on the mind of the nation, that Catholics, as such, were inevitable traitors, and that the Gunpowder Plot was but one example of the unceasing malignity of the emissaries of Rome. As we find it expressed, in the midst of the proceedings by Sir Thomas Smith: <sup>4</sup> "When all is done, this blood stain

<sup>1</sup> Of this "question" we shall have to speak later.

<sup>2</sup> It is edifying, in view of such examples, to find Coke explaining that if the trial of the conspirators had been hurried on, there would have been a miscarriage of justice, for Faukes would have been hanged by the name of Johnson, which at first he assumed.

<sup>3</sup> Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most excellent Majesty. 1606.

<sup>4</sup> *Court and Times of James I.* p. 53 (Edit. 1848).

and mark will never be washed out of the Popish religion: and the best of them all, that do now pretend a detestation of such a fact, would, if it had taken effect, have been no better than graceless sons. . . . In case the mischief had succeeded, there would easily have been another style and language current amongst them." So profound, indeed, was the impression produced, that when, seventy-three years later, Titus Oates convulsed the country with the news of another Popish Plot, no means were found more effectual to obtain credit for his preposterous story than an appeal to the memory of the Powder Treason, and the blood of men, afterwards proved absolutely guiltless, was shed like water, under the influence of the panic so produced. In opening the case against Father Ireland and his companions, Serjeant Baldwin impressed this point upon the jury, that the Popish Plot resembled that of the Powder, more than any other recorded in history, inasmuch as it was directed against the King and the Protestant religion, that the great actors in both were priests and Jesuits, and that, as the one was chiefly guided and managed by Henry Garnet, so was the other by Thomas Whitebread, like him, Superior and Provincial of the Jesuits in England.<sup>1</sup> More than this, for the purpose of fanning the flame of excitement, the "King's Book," of which we have heard, was republished by Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, who thus described it in his Preface: "It is an Authentique History of an impious and prodigious Roman-Catholique Conspiracy, of a Popish Powder Plot; containing the Examination, Tryal, and evidently-just Conviction and Condemnation of Popish Powder-Traytors; a Villany so black and horrid, (I do not say, unchristian onely, but) so inhumane and barbarous, as has no Parallel in any Age or Nation, (*Jewish, Pagan, or Turkish*) nor indeed could have, before the Invention of Gunpowder,<sup>2</sup> and the Unhappy Institution of the Jesuitical Society, by (a Fanatical Lame Soldier) *Ignatius Loyola*."<sup>3</sup>

We must leave for another article the consideration of the case for and against the incriminated Jesuit Fathers, according to the evidence whereon the judgment of posterity has to be formed. Thus far we have been concerned only with the action of the Government in their regard. We conclude with a question.

<sup>1</sup> *State Trials* (Edit. 1730), ii. 695.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Coke, on the trial of the Gunpowder Conspirators, bade his hearers

"Note, that gunpowder was the invention of a fryer, one of the Romish rabble."

<sup>3</sup> *The Gunpowder Treason* (1679), p. 1.

Are the facts which have here been set forth consistent with the view, that there was no desire to implicate Catholic priests in the conspiracy, and that action was taken against none, until their guilt became so clear as to compel a prosecution? Or is there, rather, clear evidence of a determination, from first to last steadily pursued, to find in the Plot a justification for that course of severity towards Catholics, which had not only been resolved upon but actually put in operation, on which the Minister Cecil's heart was set, but which he wished to represent as actuated by political rather than religious motives; a purpose which the conspiracy could be made to serve only by causing it to appear as the work, not of a few desperadoes, but of men whose position and character stamped them as fair representatives of the Church itself? And further, if the case which the Government set itself to prove, was supported by clear and unimpeachable evidence, how came it to pass that they preferred to employ a uniform system of fraud and falsehood, which could be justified only on the principle, freely attributed to their enemies, that the end justifies the means?

J. G

### *An Italian Lourdes, or the Madonna of Canneto.*

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IN August, 1894, the writer had the happiness to be staying at the world-famed Abbey of Monte Cassino. One morning his attention was attracted by a band of pilgrims, whose songs echoed sweetly in the distance as they climbed the mountain-side which leads to the great monastery that enshrines the sacred tomb of the Patriarch of Monks. On making inquiries, he was told that they were on their way to visit a famous shrine of our Lady, high up in the mountains, called the Madonna of Canneto. The extraordinary faith and devotion of these pilgrims, their picturesque and varied costumes, and the wonders he heard recounted of the shrine they were about to visit, determined him to follow them, and to take part in the great demonstration of devotion that is offered to Mary amid the wild mountains of the Abruzzi; a devotion wonderfully combining things old and new, the extreme of legendary marvel, with the solid fruit of practical and enduring piety rooted in the hearts of those brought up beneath its influence.

It was on the evening of Monday, the 20th of August, that we reached Sette Frati,<sup>1</sup> the village from which one makes the ascent to Canneto. Picturesquely situated on the steep crest of a hill, with its crumbling fortress and ancient church (which boasts of relics of the seven holy sons of St. Felicitas, and from them takes its name), this little town of some two thousand souls deserves to be famous in Christendom for its extraordinary devotion to Mary. We were received most warmly by the *arciprete*, a dear old man of eighty years, with a beautiful face recalling a little that of Cardinal Newman, and still possessed of wonderful strength and activity.

At our request he told us that evening, the legend of Our Lady of Canneto, which I will give just as he gave it to us.

<sup>1</sup> Sette Frati is about two hours' drive from Atina, which is connected by a diligence with Cassino, a station on the line from Rome to Naples. It is thus not difficult to visit Canneto, if one does not mind roughing it a little.

One morning, then, at a period lost in antiquity (the legend says only twenty-three years after our Saviour's Death), a Lady resplendent in supernatural light appeared to a poor shepherd-boy, named Silvano, who was tending his sheep in a rugged mountain pass. She bade him go at once to the parish priest of Sette Frati, and announce to him, that it was the will of the Mother of God, that a church should be built in her honour on that very spot, where all who came to worship her with devout and contrite hearts, yea even the robber and the assassin, should find pardon and consolation, and healing for soul and body.

"But," answered the child, "I cannot leave my sheep, I must take them to water over yonder; if they are left here they will die of thirst, for there is no water in these mountains." "I will provide for that," replied the apparition, and at the same time she placed two fingers on the rock before which she was standing. Oh, prodigy! The rock yielded to her touch, and from the apertures thus made, gushed forth a clear and beautiful river, as may be seen to this day. It is called the River Melfa.

The boy, thunderstruck at this miracle, hastened to fulfil the celestial bidding. When he reached the village, however, he found few who believed his tale. Those who did so followed him into the mountains. On their way to the spot, they saw the miraculous river already leaping down the mountain-side, and the sight, while it confirmed their faith, filled them with joy and admiration. But when they reached its source, no Lady was to be seen. After long searching they found a wooden statue standing on a little hill (where now stands the church), and at its sight the shepherd-boy cried out, "This is she who appeared to me!" The good peasants threw themselves on their knees, and remained for long hours absorbed in acts of adoration and thanksgiving. They forgot the flight of time, their homes, and everything else, and spent the night in such acts of devotion as they knew. All this happened on the 19th of August.

The next morning another company sallied forth from the village in search of them, found the same prodigies, and likewise forgot to return. The next day more went, nor did their anxious friends see them come back at nightfall. So on the morning of the 22nd, all the villagers who were left, went forth in a body in search of the missing ones. They said, "Perhaps they have been devoured by the wolves and bears," animals



which to this day haunt these mountains at least in the winter time.

Behold then the whole population assembled with tears of joy, around the miraculous image of Mary. After exhausting their devotion, they at last decided to transport the Madonna to their village. Lifting her up with reverence and awe, they carried her up the mountain pass, until they reached a high point about half a mile from where they had first found her. Here the image became heavier than lead, and they could no longer carry it. They then begged the Madonna to give them a sign as to whether she wished to remain there, or to go back to her original place. On lifting her again, turned towards the spot from which they had come, they found her light as before. But before the image left this spot, it imprinted the mark of its head on the rock against which it leant, and this mark is still seen and venerated as the Capo della Madonna.

They built a chapel over the image, which in course of time grew rich and important, and to the service of which a monastery of Benedictines is said to have been attached. Indeed it is said that no sanctuary of our Blessed Lady is so ancient as this, except indeed that of Mount Carmel.

After the venerable archpriest had recounted the legend, he showed us the list of subscriptions, offered for the expenses of the feast this year, by the people of Sette Frati and the neighbourhood, who have emigrated to America. Large numbers of emigrants leave these mountain villages to seek a living in America, England, or France. But they do not forget their home or their Madonna, and a touching proof was this very list, with its offerings of nine hundred and sixty francs collected by the poor Italians of New York and Pennsylvania "with the desire that the festival of their Madonna might ever be celebrated with more and more splendour, and that she in return might bless them and protect them both in life and death."

Nor indeed does their Madonna forget them. Suspended in the sanctuary of Canneto, I found a touching little *ex voto* picture, recording the miraculous cure of a dying child at New York, in 1893. The parents, natives of Sette Frati, sent it in gratitude to the Madonna, to whose intercession they ascribed the grace.

The next morning we started to ride up the mountain path that leads to the sanctuary. Sette Frati was in full festal array, preparations for fireworks and illuminations met the eye on

all sides, the large piazza and narrow, tortuous streets were crowded with peasants in holiday attire. The road was lined with carts, and on the mountain-side were numerous encampments of pilgrims. Along this road the Madonna had been borne two days before. The pious ingenuity of the people has arranged a long series of ceremonies recalling the circumstances of the miraculous apparition.

On the eve of the Assumption, the image of the Madonna venerated at Sette Frati (not the original statue which has never left its mountain shrine) is taken from the niche where it is usually preserved, hidden from public gaze, and placed on a pedestal in the church. It is clothed in festal robes; and the next day the people assemble in church and recite one thousand Hail Marys in honour of their Queen.

On the 18th, eve of the apparition of Canneto, it is carried up the mountains to the sanctuary, privately and without ceremony. It remains there till the evening of the 22nd, when it is borne back again to Sette Frati in the manner we are about to describe.

If you ask the peasants why the miraculous statue of Canneto does not receive this public homage instead of the other, they will answer, "The Madonna up there never moves. She is too old; and then she has worked so *many* miracles! She needs repose!"

On our way we visited the Church of S. Maria delle Grazie, one of the halting-places in the procession, which is situated about three-quarters of a mile outside the village. The *façade*, which is turned towards Sette Frati, is frescoed with a curious representation of the Last Judgment, and is protected by a charming *loggia* or outer porch consisting of three round arches under a pent-house roof. It is approached by a fine flight of steps, flanked with balustrades, and has a peculiarly Oriental and most picturesque appearance.

It was filled with *contadini*, singing on their knees the usual pilgrim hymn. This consists of some beautiful verses in honour of our Lady, written by St. Alphonsus, to which the constant refrain is,

Evviva Maria! Maria Evviva!  
Evviva Maria! e Chi la creò!

This chant, which is wedded to a peculiarly beautiful though simple melody, is sung in harmony by the men and women, and it resounds through these mountains literally without inter-

ruption, night and day, during the feast of the Madonna. If one band of pilgrims is weary, there is always another to take it up. The head of the band has usually a book from which he chants the verses, while the rest join in the refrain.

We mounted slowly the precipitous paths, constantly overtaken by fresh companies of pilgrims who would kiss our hands and salute us with their beautiful greeting, "Praised be Jesus and Mary;" to which the reply is, "Now and for ever!" Ever mounting higher and higher, at last we crossed a ridge which brought us in sight of the ravine through which the Melfa pours its icy waters. A splendid view it was! Imagine steep mountains almost perpendicular, on their summit bare and arid, but lower down covered with rich vegetations, shutting in on either side the ravine through which the river dashed and flung itself headlong in foaming cataracts. The general aspect reminded one of some mountain gully in Scotland, or again, of the ravine of Subiaco. Far above our heads the Meta, one of the most lofty summits of the Apennines, towered its gigantic head.

We began now to descend, and at last reached the spot called the Capo della Madonna; a few hundred yards more and the valley of Canneto burst on our enchanted view! How to describe it? A wild mountain gorge, hemmed in by lofty and precipitous peaks, their lower slopes thickly wooded with beech-trees. On the one side the mountains descend almost perpendicularly to the brink of the river, on the other they afford space for a narrow valley, itself formed of miniature mountains and vales, and strewn all over with huge masses of rock, fallen from the peaks above. Some of these rocks rise to the height of fifty feet, and are of corresponding magnitude. At the head of this gorge, elevated above the rocks, rises the sanctuary of the Madonna. Beyond it the ground descends again, and widens out at last into a flat oval-shaped meadow covered with grass. In the midst of this meadow meanders slowly and peacefully the new-born Melfa; and at its extremity (perhaps some four hundred yards from the church) is the source of the river, which gushes forth from below a huge rock, just as it did when first the Madonna's wonder-working hand called it into being. Already at its source it is a wide though shallow stream, and even the heats of a South Italian summer are not sufficient to sensibly diminish the volume of its waters. Behind the source the mountains close in again, and peak

rising above peak, make a glorious background to the whole enchanting scene.

Truly this is a fitting spot; none more poetical, more romantic, could be imagined, for the sanctuary of her who calls forth in men's souls all that is chivalrous, poetical, and tender.

But to turn from the description of the frame to that of the living picture. Imagine, then, the church (plain but spacious), with its adjoining hospice, and all the valley around it, thronged by a huge crowd of devout, enthusiastic pilgrims. The mountain-sides are ceaselessly echoing the sweet and sacred name of Mary, and again and again the *Evviva Maria!* is caught up from the distant passes whence unseen bands of pilgrims are making their way to the shrine. Let us watch one such band arrive. It threads its way down the mountain-side, crosses the river at its source, nor are its members stayed to bare their feet, for they have walked already barefoot to the shrine for two long days and nights. And now in the grassy valley, in sight of the sanctuary, the procession is formed more perfectly: first there walks a man or a lad with a large wooden crucifix, two lads beside him bear lanterns on poles, in two long lines, separated from each other by a few paces, the procession advances; the men (of all ages, from boys of sixteen to patriarchs of seventy), fine, robust, sunburnt, with their white shirts and gorgeous, scarlet, embroidered waistcoats, a cloak or jacket thrown over one shoulder, and a brilliant sash wound round the waist, white trousers or knee-breeches, and the characteristic gaiters, cross-gartered like Malvolio's; in the hand the pilgrim's staff, some seven foot long, adorned with quaint devices in wickerwork, and surmounted by the cross. The simplest form of the staves bears on its summit a circle, and above this again the cross; but most of these circles are elaborately decorated, shaped, for example, like sunflowers or roses; and, again, other staves bear a cross made of four circles, and adorned with rich patterns in cane or wickerwork. The men carry in their other hands their beads; they are nearly all clean-shaven, and as they sing the praises of Mary, their faces bear a rapt expression which is indescribably affecting. The way has been long and weary, their feet are cut and bleeding, but the sanctuary of Mary is near, and the perpetual Litany breaks out with a new fervour and an increased enthusiasm. They have walked all night and far into the day, but all are

fasting, for each one hopes before mid-day to feed upon the Bread of Angels, the true Food of pilgrims.

Dear simple mountaineers! how many might envy the ardent faith, the childlike devotion of these poor inhabitants of the Abruzzi! It brought, again and again, tears into my eyes to watch them. After the men follow the women. The refrain of the Litany sung by the men, or by their leaders alone, is taken up by them. Each bears on her head a huge basket wherein are contained the scanty food, the bottle of water, and the other necessities of the journey. Sometimes a *bambino*, stiff and straight in its swaddling-bands, slumbers peacefully at the top of the load, almost smothered by the brilliant coverlet, striped red and yellow, which covers the basket, and is to serve as a blanket in the night encampment. They wear the traditional Neapolitan head-dress of snowy white, the white chemise with its full sleeves, the low bodice of some brilliant colour, the skirt of another hue, and most characteristic of all the costume, the *pezza*. This is a piece of stuff, half shawl, half blanket, always of some rich and brilliant colour, which is hung suspended round the waist, and falls behind half covering the skirt. As was once remarked to me, this feature of the costume is of the highest antiquity, and may be seen represented on the Etruscan vases in the Vatican. At night or in the winter time, it is turned over the head, and I shall never forget the picturesque appearance of a band of women round their fire that night among the rocks of Canneto, each with a brilliant scarlet *pezza* enveloping her head and form. The *pezza* also serves as a bag to hold anything from fruit to a baby, and then of course instead of hanging straight down over the skirt as it usually does, its lower extremities are turned up and tucked into the girdle, where it has a peculiarly graceful though more modern appearance. Its manifold uses may explain the fact otherwise perplexing, that these peasant women consent to wear so heavy a garment (for it is made of thick wool like a blanket) during the summer heat.

It may be observed that each village (or *paese*, as the Neapolitan dialect has it), is marked by its peculiar costume, to which it clings with the greatest tenacity. A maiden of one *paese* would not dream, and if she did would not be allowed, to wear the peculiar costume of another. It is true these differences are often enough but slight, and almost imperceptible to the eyes of the uninitiated; but they are sufficient for the people of

their country to know by a glance at the costume, the village from which the wearer comes.

Joined to this brilliance and variety of costume, these women wear, many of them, the most beautiful old jewellery, massive gold ear-rings, brooches, and necklaces, adorned with garnets or enamels. Many of these family heirlooms have fallen victims, alas, to the rapacity of Jewish collectors, many have found a happier destiny on the breast of some favourite Madonna, or upon the reliquary that enshrines a bone of their local patron saint; but still many more are yet in use. And wonderfully beautiful they are, some of them evidently of cinque-cento work, others more recent, yet all handsome and rich.

In striking contrast with all this brilliancy is the stern and austere garb of some of the villages in the Abruzzi, for example, that of Scanno. The men are dressed very picturesquely in blue cloth garments, braided with black, and relieved by brass buttons; the women are all in black, with a black head-dress like a nun's, and the dress fitting tight up to the throat. In their hands they carry black staves, and on the cross-surmounted disk at the extremity of these is painted a monstrosity. But these are the people whose devotion is the most striking of all to witness, and there is an indefinable charm about their quaintly-cut, almost puritanical, garb which attracts one even more than the beautiful colours that are seen in such profusion all around.

But we have made too long a digression in describing the appearance of our pilgrims. Let us return to the procession. Slowly they pass down the meadow, thread the rows of booths that turn the neighbourhood of the sanctuary into a sort of rustic fair, and approach the church. But not to enter. First, they solemnly make the circuit of the sacred pile three times, chanting as they go; then, and not till then, all fall on their knees at the entrance to the church; renewed fervour marks the chant of the pilgrims' hymn, as these devout souls make their way slowly and painfully up the aisles already thronged with people. On their knees all the time, they shuffle along, helping themselves on with their staves, the women, still with the huge baskets balanced on their heads, still responding to the men's Litany. Above the altar surrounded by burning tapers is the image of the Madonna, brought from Setti Frati, and they burst forth on seeing her into a great shout of *Evviva Maria!* a shout taken up by all in the crowded church. And now on to

the left aisle, where is the original image of the Madonna of Canneto. Black but comely, and covered with jewels, she stands in queenly splendour with her Babe in her arms. The walls are hung with a quantity of *ex votos*, some of them most touching to behold. This is the first shrine where we have remarked a quantity of garments (mostly babies' dresses, but others too), hung up on the walls. It gives the church rather the appearance of an old clothes' shop, but it is touching to think that each is an offering of gratitude to Mary, from one who had nothing else to offer. The pilgrims here at last stand (they could hardly do otherwise in the surging crowd which fills the whole aisle) and they join in the devotions that are being offered up. Perhaps it is a Litany which is being sung, perhaps it is some poor mother who is pouring out her tale of grief into Mary's compassionate ear, and seeking, pleading for, nay claiming, insisting, on the healing of some dearly loved child. As the woman's voice fails exhausted, for they literally *scream* their petitions, a great chorus goes up through the church, *Grazie, Madonna! Misericordia, Madonna!*

I may mention here that while I was at Canneto at least two apparently miraculous cures were wrought. One took place while I was in the church, and the frenzy of thanksgiving, the *Evvivas*, the clapping of hands, had an indescribable effect. It was a dumb boy about ten years old, who never yet had spoken, and who opened now his long-sealed lips to say, *Grazie, Madonna!*

But what was far more wonderful than the miracles, was the matter-of-course way in which every one spoke of them. No one was surprised, neither priests nor people, to hear that a miracle had been wrought; no effort was made to see the happy recipient of the grace, to hear his story, to record the facts; it was such an everyday thing. "Mary *always* works wonders here," said a priest to me. "What do these thirty thousand people come here for, here in the mountains, two or three days' walk from their homes, what for? From thankfulness; to thank Mary for all she does for them, and to ask her for new graces. Only faith and thankfulness could draw such crowds here into the desert!" Yes! "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith!"

In the afternoon that day it clouded over and gave every sign of a coming storm. What would these poor people do without shelter, all night long, if it rained? But some one said



to me, "What an idea! as if the Madonna would let it rain!" Nor did she, though it had done so heavily the two days previously.

In a little room opening out of the Chapel of the Madonna lives the Ankress (as our forefathers would have called her) of the shrine. This good woman, whose name is Agnes, braves the snows and wolves of winter to live close to her Madonna. With the alms of the faithful, she has succeeded in erecting a spacious hospice, which offers at least a roof to some six or seven hundred pilgrims, who fill it at night absolutely from end to end, so that it is impossible to pass along the corridors, so closely are the pilgrims lying packed together. The priests have one or two rooms for themselves, where they can eat and sleep.

These rooms were besieged by men waiting to make their confessions. There is no false shame in these *contadini*; the one whose turn has come flings himself down before the priest, puts his head on the confessor's knees, and tells his grief, while the priest sits with his arm thrown over the penitent's shoulder. It is a peculiarly touching attitude, and reminds one forcibly of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The other men stand round, only just out of earshot; and so anxious are they to find a confessor that they pursue any *soutane* they can see, quite regardless of the fact that its wearer may be a mere boy, hardly in minor orders!

A priest of great experience told me that he had very often difficulty to find matter for absolution in the confessions of these simple herdsmen. The women, of course, are heard as usual in the confessionals in the church.

Meanwhile the crowd is increasing, as every few minutes another company of pilgrims is added to the throng. The priest can hardly make his way to the altar, and his Mass is full of distractions, for he has hardly space to turn round there, the coming and going of new pilgrims is incessant; and the cries, the hymns, the prayers, and every now and then the great cheer that sweeps through the church, makes it almost impossible to hear oneself speak.

At the Communion of the priest, crowds flock to the altar; more than twenty thousand Communions are administered during the feast at Canneto! Round the miraculous Madonna is a dense throng with rosaries, and pictures, and flowers, and feathers, and the peculiar coloured threads called, *Ricordo*

della Madonna, wherewith to touch the sacred image. Several pairs of hands are continually employed in this task. The people twine the ornamental tops of their pilgrims' staves with these bright aigrettes, these feathers, and brilliant flowers, and the effect of this forest of staves decked so variously is indescribably picturesque, as one gazes down on the crowd, from a coign of vantage in the organ-loft.

But hark! a cry of *Misericordia!* more piercing than the rest! and the throng make way for a strange procession of men and women, performing public penance. On hands and knees, with their tongues glued to the ground, they slowly and painfully advance, each led like an animal, by means of a cord or handkerchief attached to the neck. Their guides make way for them through the throng, and prevent their being trampled on, while the penitents lick the ground with their protruding tongues all the way from door to altar. It is a strange sight, and like many another here takes one straight back to the middle ages.

Space is wanting to describe all that passed on this eventful day; but as evening falls let us leave the church, and see what is going on outside it. The booths, made of green boughs from the mountain-side, are doing a brisk trade in sacred pictures, beads, bright coral necklaces for the maidens, peacock feathers for the young men's hats, and all the varied trifles of a rustic fair.

A group is gathered round a singer who with stentorian voice is carolling the ballad of Our Lady of Canneto: who "deigned to descend and make her abode here among the wolves." It is noticeable that this ballad speaks of a little shepherdess as the favoured recipient of the celestial vision: a prototype of Bernadette, in fact!

Here there is a larger booth, with tables and benches which are crowded by *contadini* making their evening meal; here a little group of *lampognari*, shepherds from the Abruzzi playing their strangely-shaped bagpipes, here a cart full of large green water-melons, greatly appreciated by the thirsty.

But let us go down to the waterside. Here men and women with garments tucked up, but with perfect modesty, are passing barefoot to and fro through the river. Seven times they thus ford the stream; it is a devotion and a penance together, for the water is icy cold, and makes them even cry out with pain.

Yet some will repeat the operation seventy times at least!

And look at a stranger sight. See those two young men kneeling by the waterside, their right hands, locked in each other, are plunged in the icy stream.

There they hold them valiantly while they recite three *Paters, Aves*, and *Glorias*. Then they rise, each takes a pebble from the water, and with it solemnly makes the sign of the Cross upon the forehead and breast of the other. They then exchange the stones, to be carefully treasured as a memento, kiss each other's hands, and are henceforth *compare*; that is to say, linked together by a bond of strictest and most intimate friendship and brotherhood. "Superstition," perhaps you will say; and the practice is certainly open to discussion, but, we are not defending or blaming, but simply recording our impressions.

Anyhow, it is asserted that many cures have been vouchsafed to those who pass through the stream, though on the other hand some sick people have even been known to die from the shock of the extraordinarily cold water.

Around the source a crowd is gathered, eagerly searching among the sand for the *Stellette della Madonna*, as they are called, little sparkling specks of some bright metal that are found in the bed of the river. It is said that these "little stars of Mary" have been proved to be pure silver, a sixteenth century writer (Secretary of the Cardinal of Como, Minister of Gregory XIII.) who visited the spot, declares them to be gold. Certain it is that these mountains abound in metallic treasures. Gold has been found here in large quantities, and in the time of the Bourbons there was a flourishing iron foundry in the Valley of Canneto.

But night is drawing on, and each company begins to assemble round the huge fire they have lighted among the rocks that lie scattered over the valley. There is no lack of firewood, whole trees are cut down in the woods, hauled to the various encampments, and the effect of these myriad bonfires lighting up every corner of the rugged valley, gleaming between the massive rocks, and bordering the smooth meadow where the river rises, shining on the varied costumes, the bronzed faces, the snowy linen and brilliant jewellery of the peasants, made a scene indescribably picturesque and fantastic.

We wandered enchanted for hours among the watch-fires, each moment finding some new subject for a picture. Here was a large company of pilgrims engaged in singing the Vespers

of our Lady, divided into two choirs, around their fire. A few had books, but most of the young men knew the Latin psalms by heart, and they sang them with vigour and enthusiasm to a solemn chant which I had heard first at Monte Cassino. (It is an "Irregular Tone" called the *Tonus Gallicus*.) This village, we learned (called Valle Rotonda) belongs to the diocese attached to Monte Cassino. All the mountain-side was echoing with Mary's name, as each company sang their evening hymn—a hymn, indeed, which never ceased: for all night long fresh bands were arriving, and fresh chants were resounding. The procession round and round the church literally never ceased!

The morning dawned fair and fresh. As the sun gradually rose over the hills, it revealed a scene of singular beauty. Thirty thousand peasants in their gay dresses, encamped upon the grass, made the whole valley seem a garden filled with tulips of the most gorgeous and varied hues. The crowd in the church was insupportable, the Communions unending, the chants louder than ever.

But now company after company prepares to take its departure. They will descend to Sette Frati, to await the coming of the Madonna. Alas, that nearly a thousand must go away without the sacraments—ten priests, labouring night and day, were not sufficient to confess them all! The adieus to the sanctuary are indescribably touching and beautiful. Each band of pilgrims leaves the church in reverse order, all walking backwards. They cannot bear, it would seem, to turn their backs on their beloved Queen. The great crucifix, the lanterns, the banner of the Madonna carried aloft, the pilgrims' staves in their hands, all wave, as it were, their adieu. Slowly, and in order, with their faces turned towards the church, they descend the rugged path, all walking backwards, and singing in passionate strains.

As the path mounts again, all fall on their knees, and remain motionless in prayer for some minutes. Again they wave their hands in adieu, again resume their backward march. At a turn in the path, which will hide the sanctuary from their eyes, all fall prostrate again in prayer. Nor is this all; they turn indeed, and pursue their way forward; but only to perform fresh devotions at the Capo della Madonna, and again some mile and a half beyond, at a spot from whence a distant view of the sacred spot can be obtained. From a window of the hospice I watched band after band perform this touching ceremony of

departure, and when I myself left, after almost all had departed, I found upon the high plateau, from whence the last look back is possible, silent motionless figures, kneeling with their faces turned in a last farewell towards the beloved sanctuary.

At Sette Frati all was confusion and bustle of preparation. About six o'clock, the sacred image, escorted by the clergy and a small company of pilgrims, arrived at the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie, and awaited there the night, in order to make its solemn entrance into the town. And this entrance was indeed a triumph. We were fortunate enough to witness the whole scene from the balcony of a house overlooking the piazza. To our left, raised above the piazza, and approached by a steep, stair-like, stone-paved path, was the church. At our feet lay the piazza, singularly large for so small a town—a fairy scene, illuminated by countless lamps of all colours, and thronged by an immense crowd. Probably forty thousand people were that night at Sette Frati to greet the Madonna! Beyond the little town, the mountain-side was thronged too with people, and the curved road leading to the Madonna del Grazie, far away on our right.

There all was in darkness, except a few feeble lights which flitted about the road. The sight was magnificent; the moonless sky spangled with innumerable stars. Suddenly a rocket gave the signal, lights burst forth from every point, and in a blaze of rosy fire one saw the Church of the Madonna, with its arcaded loggia, and, framed in its central arcade, the figure of the Madonna, standing out black against the background of flame. Immediately there rose a ceaseless fire of rockets, the sky was filled with "falling stars" and "golden rain," fire-balloons rose one after the other, and hung like stars over the Madonna's path; and as the procession advanced slowly, almost imperceptibly, the figure of Mary was ever clearly to be distinguished in the blaze of Bengal fire which accompanied her appearance at every point. The bonfires blazed forth on either side of the way, gorgeous fireworks lit up the whole mountain-side as clear as day, and from the battery on the hills above were fired continual salvoes in honour of the Queen. Never has it been my lot to witness such a scene. Simply as a display of fireworks, it was equal to anything I have seen in the great cities of Europe; but if it can be beaten in gorgeousness by the displays of a Crystal Palace, or a Paris Exhibition, at least there you would not have the exquisite beauty of the surrounding mountains,

the varied splendour of colour in the crowd of peasant-costumes, the hymns and canticles of triumph which rose unceasingly with the coloured fires to heaven. Yes! this was no ordinary festival; here *all* was dedicated to God, all was devotion, there were no vulgar shouts of applause, even as the finest effects of the pyrotechnic display blazed out upon the heavens, only new songs of triumph, new hymns to the Queen of Heaven and earth.

And now at last, after some two hours' triumphal progress, the procession reaches the piazza. The confraternity, in their picturesque albs and crimson mozettas, taper in hand; the band of Sette Frati, playing vigorously; the clergy, and lastly the Madonna on her pedestal, surrounded by gilt angels bearing tapers, and with the baldacchino carried above her. And now she stops just below us, and turns for a last adieu towards the piazza.

At this moment a priest in cotta and biretta appears at the balcony of a neighbouring house: he is about to pronounce the panegyric. The people hang breathless on his lips. There is a profound silence, save that from time to time the preacher cries, *Evviva Maria!* and then from the piazza thunders back the salutation from ten thousand throats, while it is caught up and rolled on by the crowds that throng the mountain-side.

The discourse is finished, there is a last and most brilliant display of fireworks, the old church tower, already riven by many an earthquake shock, sways and trembles as the bells clash out their noisy welcome, the final salutes are fired from the battery on the mountain-side, and amid the roar of their salvoes, the whirr of the rockets, the clang of the bells, and the hymns of the people, Mary enters her church in triumph.

The feast of the Madonna of Canneto is finished. For eight days yet, it is true, the sacred image will remain exposed in the richly-decorated church, before returning on the octave day to its secret niche. But the pilgrims will be far away before the morning dawns on Sette Frati, and those who would seek the piazza on the morrow will find it empty and deserted. Already small hand-bells, the signal of departure, are ringing on every side, to draw the various companies together, and all night long the weary pilgrims will be making their homeward way.

Another year must pass before the Madonna issues from her hidden tabernacle in the Church of Sette Frati, unless (which

God forbid!) some great calamity necessitate a recourse to her intercession.

In the winter Canneto, as we have said, is a wilderness of snow, haunted by gaunt wolves, and even by fierce bears. Only two years ago some women were killed by the wolves, close to a neighbouring village.

But within thirty years from the date when we write, there were foes yet more terrible to be feared in these mountains. They formed, in fact, the chosen refuge of a formidable band of brigands, and many are the stories told of the bloodthirsty ferocity of these outlaws.

But one tradition about them is of a different nature, and must not be omitted here. In those days the pilgrims journeyed to the shrine in very large companies, under the escort of a troop of soldiers. One feast-day as they went, they were startled by salvoes of musketry, which echoed among the mountain-peaks above their heads. Looking up towards these inaccessible summits, they perceived with astonishment a large band of brigands. But instead of molesting the pilgrims, the bandits were engaged in celebrating the feast. Humbly kneeling, with faces turned towards Canneto, they fired continual salvoes of joy in honour of the Madonna. The soldiers below could only gaze helplessly at the foe; they were obliged to pass on, and allow the robber band to celebrate the festival in peace.

Such scenes are not to be met with any longer in these districts happily for all. But long may it be before the wave of pilgrimage ceases to flow towards Canneto, there to lay the homage of simple faith and enthusiastic devotion at the feet of the Mother of Mercy. *Our Lady of Canneto, pray for us!*

DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.



### *An Eighteenth Century Conversion.*

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DURING the closing decades of the eighteenth century, when the prospects of the Catholic Church throughout Europe appeared to her enemies to be at their lowest ebb, when the Encyclopædists were the recognized exponents of moral philosophy in France, and when Goethe preached to enthusiastic disciples the doctrines of classic paganism, there was yet one obscure corner of Germany where the Catholic Faith was loved and practised with an ardour and a simplicity that would well bear comparison with the most golden ages in the history of the Church, and from whence was to spring a generation of soldiers of the Cross who bore a foremost part in building up afresh that which had been ruthlessly destroyed in the preceding decades. This retired spot was the little episcopal town of Münster in Westphalia, united at that time to the archiepiscopate of Cologne, and governed on behalf of the Prince-Bishop by the Freiherr Franz von Fürstenberg, Canon of Münster and of Paderborn, and Vicar-General of the diocese, one of the greatest educational authorities of his day. It is to Fürstenberg in the first instance that Münster owes the part she was destined to play in the Catholic life of Germany; his unaffected piety, his purity of life, his high administrative ability, his boundless zeal on behalf of the Church, and the far-seeing wisdom of his educational policy all combined to give him a unique position in the estimation of high-minded men of the time. It was the European reputation he enjoyed, and more especially the sensation caused by the publication, in 1776, of his celebrated Education Code for the Province of Münster that decided the Princess Amelia Gallitzin on taking up her residence in his immediate neighbourhood, a decision of apparently little moment outside the immediate circle of the lady's friends, but which was destined to bear much fruit in later years. For, thanks in a great measure to the Catholic atmosphere with which she found herself surrounded, the Princess Gallitzin, who

had arrived at Münster an avowed *espritfort*, an impassioned student of Platonic philosophy, and a fervent disciple of Hemsterhuys, was transformed before long into a submissive and self-sacrificing daughter of the Church, the mother of one of the noblest missionary priests of our century, and her house, which, in times of peace offered a picture of everything that is most attractive in Catholic home life, became in years of storm and stress, a centre and a rallying-ground for all the friends of Catholicism in the North of Germany. But before dwelling on this, the most important and most interesting portion of the very varied life led by the Princess, we must turn back to her early years, and trace the influences that were potent in the formation of her very complex character.

Born at Berlin in 1748, the Princess Amelia Gallitzin was the daughter of Field-Marshal Count von Schmethem, a favourite general of the great Frederic. A Protestant himself, the Count had married as his second wife a Catholic, who became the mother of Amelia, and it was in accordance with an agreement that the sons should be educated in the faith of their father, and the daughters in that of their mother, that the little girl was sent at the early age of four to a convent at Breslau. Here she appears to have remained until she had attained her fourteenth year. Unfortunately very little discretion can have been exercised by her mother in the choice of an educational establishment, for Amelia's secular instruction at the Breslau convent appears to have been almost nil, whilst even her religious education was of the scantiest. Her piety in these early years was of the spasmodic kind; we are told that she would pray with fervour before an image of the Blessed Virgin, and shed copious tears on leaving the confessional, but that attendance at the services of the Church, which she was never taught to understand, was regarded by her as an unmitigated affliction. For the rest, determined self-will and a warm heart were the distinguishing features in the character of the little girl; punishment had no terrors for her, but she was instantly amenable to a word of affection, and it is characteristic of her utter indifference to personal discomfort where her own inclinations were concerned, that one severe winter her fingers were discovered to be frost-bitten, owing to her passion for drawing patterns with her finger-tops on the frost-covered window-panes.

Returning at length to her parents' house in Berlin, the little convent-bred Amelia soon made it abundantly plain, that she

was possessed of neither the accomplishments nor the manners which were the necessary social equipment of a young lady destined for a Court life. She was shy, overgrown, and awkward, painfully ignorant of all subjects save music, and so devoid of natural *savoir-faire* that she was seen to genuflect before the statues of Greek divinities in the public gardens at Berlin under the vague impression that they were Christian saints. In the hope of improving matters her dismayed mother, whose own Catholicism, by the way, must have been a fast-vanishing quantity, sent her to a day-school kept by a French atheist, a disciple of the notorious Dr. Lamettrie, and here, for a year and a half, the young Countess was instructed in French, dancing, and Greek mythology.

But even when, fortified by these superficial advantages, Amelia von Schmethem, presumably at the age of fifteen, was launched into fashionable Berlin society, she still felt herself sadly out of her element. She was shy, silent, and self-conscious, her somewhat prominent features only half-redeemed by her large blue eyes and luxuriant curling locks, her very qualities of candour and honesty telling against her, whilst she herself suffered acutely from her imaginary inferiority to the fashionable butterflies that surrounded her. Stimulated by her injured vanity the young girl came to a sudden resolution to devote herself to intellectual pursuits; self-culture became the goal of her ambition, and she was filled with that craving for knowledge which was to be one of the distinctive traits of her character all through life. Henceforth all her spare moments were devoted to reading every book, of whatever kind, on which she could lay her hands, her sole literary counsellor being the librarian from whom she hired books with her earnings at cards, and who appears to have regarded French novels and the latest philosophic speculations as the most suitable literature for his youthful client. It is pleasant to know that Amelia's sterling, though as yet undeveloped, qualities seem to have protected her from the worst dangers of this hazardous *régime*.

It was in 1768, at Aix-la-Chapelle, whither our heroine had accompanied the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia, in the capacity of lady-in-waiting, that she first made the acquaintance of Prince Dmitri Gallitzin, a member of one of the noblest and richest families in Russia, himself a man of some intellectual pretensions, the friend of Diderot, d'Alembert, and Voltaire, and the recently appointed Ambassador of Russia at the Court of

the Hague. A marriage of inclination, if not of love, was quickly arranged, and the following year found the young couple established at the Hague, where in due course the Princess gave birth to her two only children, the Princess Marianne, referred to in all her mother's correspondence as Mimi, and one boy, Mitri, afterwards known to fame as Father Demetrius Gallitzin.

At the Hague a brilliant and frivolous life naturally fell to the lot of the youthful ambassadress. Long ere this she had passed out of the chrysalis stage of her existence, and fascinated all who came in contact with her by her wit, her brilliant accomplishments, and her natural amiability. The critical Diderot writes of her as "young, pretty, graceful, intellectual, talented. Her conversation sparkles with witty repartee and ingenuous sallies." Nevertheless, in spite of all the social triumphs which at one time had seemed so far beyond her reach, the Princess was far from happy. Society wearied her, her husband failed to interest her, her old longing for knowledge returned with redoubled force, and, inspired by a high ideal of her maternal duties, she was tormented by a sense of her unfitness for the task of educating her beloved Mimi and Mitri. Encouraged by Diderot, whom she took into her confidence, and who entertained the highest opinion of her intellectual gifts, the Princess Gallitzin entered on a serious course of study, that comprised within its limits the Greek and Latin languages, besides history, philosophy, and mathematics. At the same time, with charming feminine impulsiveness, she rendered her further attendance at Court balls an impossibility by defying fashion and cutting off all her luxuriant hair, which henceforth she wore in short curls. Finding, however, that peace and seclusion were not procurable in the capital itself, she, shortly retired to a little villa outside the city which she surnamed, "Nithuys,—not at home," so as to discourage her numerous friends from attempting to call upon her. Here, living in the strictest retirement with her children, the young mother pursued her studies with quite amazing perseverance and success, receiving no one save her husband and a few privileged friends, and often sitting up all night over her books in her insatiable thirst for knowledge.

Of Catholic faith it is almost needless to say that no traces were left at this period in the soul of the Princess Gallitzin. She had succumbed to the fashionable scepticism of the eighteenth century. It is true her intelligence and her imagina-

tion had both rebelled against the materialistic teaching of the French Encyclopædist at whose feet she had been willing for a time to sit; but about this period of her life (1774) she fell under the influence of the Dutch philosopher, Francis Hemsterhuys, who was destined to exercise a marked control over her intellectual and spiritual development. Hemsterhuys was a man of great and varied culture, and an enthusiastic disciple of Socrates; he was opposed to the atheistic teachings of the Encyclopædists, and though rejecting as untrue all positive and revealed religion, taught a philosophy of life based on the religious and moral principles deeply rooted in men's souls. The Princess, who for years had been vainly grasping after some nebulous form of faith, eagerly embraced these doctrines. Hemsterhuys established the custom of spending two days in the week at "Nithuys," in order to direct her studies, and soon the warmest of platonic affections sprang up between master and pupil, a friendship attested by the existence of hundreds of letters, forming a correspondence that was carried on for years under the pseudonyms of Socrates and Diotima. This intellectual intimacy, which was only broken by death, was beneficial both to the teacher and his pupil, for it is freely admitted by students of Hemsterhuys that his later works owe much of their greater knowledge of life and increased elevation of thought to the inspiring influence of the lady of "Nithuys."

Signs are not wanting, however, to show that after two or three years the Princess Gallitzin began to rebel against the intellectual tyranny exercised by the Dutch philosopher, and that she gladly availed herself of the first favourable opportunity for regaining her freedom and continuing her scheme of self-culture under circumstances more favourable to the spiritual longings of her sensitive and highly-strung nature. The opportunity soon presented itself. It chanced that Baron Fürstenberg sent to Hemsterhuys a copy of his celebrated Education Code, by means of which he aspired to weld into one complete system all the scattered scholastic resources of Münster. The philosopher carried the scheme without delay to "Nithuys." The Princess was filled with enthusiastic admiration for the bold and liberal spirit in which the reform was sketched out, and promptly volunteered to translate the work into French. Hence a correspondence with Fürstenberg, and the first proposal of a visit to Münster, a plan that was carried out in the spring of 1779. But the Princess was far too thorough in her educa-

tional researches to be satisfied with a week's conversation with the keen-sighted and venerable priest who, from the first inspired her soul with the strongest feelings of respect and admiration. She felt instinctively that Münster offered her unhopèd-for facilities for a studious and solitary life, and with her usual impetuous courage she broke with all her friends at the Hague, bade farewell to her husband, whose ambassadorial functions naturally detained him in the Dutch capital, and, only two months after her first visit, established herself permanently with her children in the quiet little episcopal city. This event marks the close of the first period in the life of this remarkable woman.

Amelia Gallitzin was possessed of both an independent and an adaptive nature, and she quickly made herself at home in her new and strange surroundings. There is no doubt that the zealous Vîcar-General watched with the most paternal affection over the intellectual and spiritual development of the fascinating and somewhat bewildering Princess who had suddenly thrust herself under his protection. "She has more genius and more force of character than I have ever yet found in her sex," is his written verdict on his new parishioner. Before her arrival, Fürstenberg had secured for her use the first floor apartment in a large house in the town, and for her summer residence she selected an old farm-house in the little village of Angelmødø. At both the one and the other, her studies and her daily life were pursued on much the same lines as at "Nithuys," with this important exception that the influence of the philosophic Hemsterhuys was slowly replaced by that of the Catholic Fürstenberg, *le grand homme*, as she was wont to call him. We also hear of some members of the then recently dissolved Society of Jesus assisting her in her studies, and taking a share, no doubt, in those long philosophic discussions in which the Princess took so keen a pleasure. Her children, too, Mimi and Mitri, as they grew older, occupied more and more of her time, and were to her an object of ceaseless watchfulness, and a source of almost morbid anxiety. It is an open question whether children suffer more from being brought up on too rigid and narrow a system, or from being allowed to grow up without any system at all. It was from the former evil that the little Gallitzins suffered in their early non-Catholic years. They were the mediums by which their ardent mother put to the test all her philosophic theories of education. Much, indeed, that is admirable is to be found in her regulations. Cold baths, plain

food, gymnastic exercises, regular hours, were the unfailing rule of life both at "Nithuys" and at Münster. The Princess presided over all the children's studies, carefully eliminating from their instruction all reference to the supernatural, all sympathy with the Christian faith. Her whole educational system professed to be founded not on love, not on faith, but on pure reason. When the nervous, highly-strung Mitri confessed to feeling afraid in the dark, he was subjected by his clever mother to the Socratic method of cross-examination, by which it was demonstrated to his intelligence how baseless were his terrors—a remedy which only resulted in the child concealing in the future his nervous fears. No loophole was ever left for little childish weaknesses and inconsistencies. On such points the Princess was relentless in her severity. As a natural result, though Mimi and Mitri adored their mother, it was with an adoration largely tempered with awe; mutual confidence became impossible, and while the young people, and more especially the boy, were constrained and nervous in their mother's presence, she on her side, in her letters to Hemsterhuys, would write in exaggerated terms of their manifold failings. Even in later and happier Catholic days the restraint between mother and son never wholly passed away, and it is doubtful whether with all her later insight into the spiritual life, the Princess ever thoroughly realized the heroic capacity for love and self-sacrifice that lay hidden under the shy and simple exterior of the future missionary priest.

Though surrounded by Christian influences at Münster, some years nevertheless passed by before the agnostic attitude of mind which the Princess had so assiduously cultivated began to give way. Various causes contributed to this happy result. The veiled but none the less potent influence of Fürstenberg and his friend, the Abbé Overberg, the apparently insuperable difficulty of knowing what to teach her children in matters concerning religion, and above all a secret dissatisfaction with her own life, and a growing conviction that the mysterious cravings and restless longings from which she suffered could never be satisfied by merely intellectual food, all worked towards one and the same end. It must be borne in mind that in the case of the Princess Gallitzin, her *égarements* were purely intellectual, and that amidst all the temptations of corrupt court-life, both at Berlin and at the Hague, her conduct had never deviated from the life of strict moral rectitude. When,



in consequence of her Bible studies, undertaken with the sole view of her children's instruction, the first glimmerings of Christian truth began to dawn across her soul, when her mind awoke to the first appalling suspicion that the whole of her theory of life might after all be founded on a fundamental misconception; when she first realized that her much-vaunted intellectual studies had only served to entangle her in the most bewildering errors, the shock to her system was so great that she fell seriously ill, and for a time her very life was despaired of. The long period of convalescence that followed marked the first gradual up-springing of the new faith that was in her. There was still a weary road to travel before intellectual and moral certainty could be reached, and for three long years (1783—1786), resolutely laying aside all other interests, the Princess devoted herself to prayer and to self-examination, while her favourite volumes of philosophy were replaced by the Holy Scriptures, the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*, and other great books, illuminated by the torch of truth.

Of these years of transition, and of the far happier ones that followed the Princess' formal reconciliation with the Church of her Baptism—an event that took place on August 28, 1786, the feast of her favourite St. Augustine and her own birthday—we have a spiritual record in her journal, written entirely as she herself declares, "for God and her conscience," but which was given to the world after her death. Written with extreme candour, and dwelling mainly on the many faults in her own character, it were almost as unfair to judge the Princess solely by her own revelations, as it would be to take *au pied de la lettre* St. Teresa's remorseful confessions of guilt. Suffering from frequent ill-health, the prey to constant fits of morbid melancholy, by nature headstrong, vain, and impetuous, surely few women have set themselves a harder task than the Princess Gallitzin when, turning her back on all her old ideals, she aspired after a high degree of Christian perfection. Perhaps indeed she aspired too much; there is something overstrained in her self-torturing examinations, a want of simplicity in some of her methods. It is very pleasant, however, to see how the angularities of her character became gradually smoothed away, and how slowly but surely the spirit of Christian peace and charity settled down over the little household. The Princess writes at times of her *purgative mérite*, but she also assures us that she

never really knew what happiness meant until she became a practical Catholic. And she relates too how, as the immediate result of her First Communion, the cloud of despondency in which she had been for so long enveloped began to roll away from her soul—a consummation as blessed for her children as for herself.

Prince Dmitri and his sister were growing out of childhood before this joyful event took place, and before their mother felt free to instruct them openly in all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Happily they responded with enthusiasm to the new teaching that was put before them, and for the young Prince especially, the change marked the dawn of a whole new life. The pious and fervent Abbé Overberg, whom the Princess had requested to undertake the direction of her soul, was a constant member of the Gallitzin household; so too at different times were the four von Droste brothers, the sons of Baron von Droste-Vischering, three of whom were afterwards to enter the priesthood, the youngest, Clement, as Archbishop of Cologne, being destined to a brilliant career in the service of the Church. Between the young Gallitzins and the von Drostes, who were all near each other in age, the warmest friendship sprang up. They shared their studies and their amusements; they cherished the same ideals, the same ambitions; they were all enthusiastic in their devotion to the Church, and encouraged one another in pious practices. One of their joint undertakings was the translation into German of Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat*. The Princess indeed acted as a veritable second mother to the four brothers, who were studying at the University of Münster under the guidance of their tutor, Katerkamp, afterwards the biographer of our heroine, and they in their turn repaid her by the most chivalrous devotion and gratitude. Needless to say that in the home-circle in which the Princess Gallitzin was the reigning spirit, social intercourse was maintained at a high intellectual level. Both ancient and modern writers were read aloud, studied, and discussed. In the *salon* of the Princess, open to her friends in the evening, the Baron Fürstenberg, now old and venerable, but always a brilliant conversationalist, was a frequent guest; so too, in later years, were Count Leopold Stolberg and his wife, whose conversion to the Catholic faith (in 1800) made so great a sensation throughout Germany, and filled the hearts of their Münster friends with joy. When, during the terrible years of the French Revolution, Germany was invaded by whole

armies of emigrants, including a vast number of priests, no town equalled in hospitality the little episcopal city of Münster, where Fürstenberg and the Princess organized vast schemes of charitable relief. The Hotel Gallitzin became for the nonce a veritable registration and inquiry bureau, while young Adolphe von Droste, not to be outdone in generosity, granted land and means to some homeless Trappist monks; and erected a splendid monastery for their use on his estate.

All her life the Princess had possessed a quite special faculty for practising the art of platonic friendship with clever men. Hardly a literary man of celebrity throughout Germany but at one time visited her or corresponded with her. Hamann, Wizenmann, F. Jacobi, were for many years amongst her most intimate friends, but greatest of all her admirers was of course Goethe. Curiously enough her friendship with the sage of Weimar dates entirely from her Catholic days. A first acquaintance had been made during one of the Princess's wandering tours through Germany, when she spent some days at Weimar. On that occasion she left behind her so vivid an impression of her intellectual abilities and personal charms that shortly afterwards the poet wrote to her to beg her to correspond with him on the ground that "you alone have found the key of this heart which has been locked so long; in you I feel that I could confide without effort, and what I desire most evidently is to see mutual confidence established between us." Such an appeal, most flattering to the intellectual vanity of the lady, would have met with a prompt and cordial response had it been made a few years earlier; but the incident occurred at a moment when her whole soul was absorbed in the throes of her spiritual conversion, and when she felt that such a correspondence could only serve as a dangerous distraction. The offer was therefore declined, and relations were not resumed until seven years later, when the poet suddenly presented himself in person at Münster to pay his respects to one who, in his own words, had made a lasting impression on his heart, and of whom he had written as one "whom it is impossible to judge correctly without seeing her, and whose individuality only stands out when studied in connection with, and in opposition to, her contemporaries." Four days were spent by Goethe at the Hotel Gallitzin, days devoted to friendly social intercourse and intellectual conversation, during which all questions of religious controversy, on which the guest differed so fundamentally from his hostess, were skilfully put aside by the tact

of both parties. The Princess indeed was accustomed to maintain amicable relations with persons of every religious or non-religious creed, but to the creator of Werther it must have been a strange experience to find himself thus suddenly transplanted into an atmosphere so palpitating with Catholic life and faith. In later years he would often refer to the charming and restful memories of those few days at Münster with a certain regretful pleasure, and though he was not destined to meet the Princess again, they kept up a friendly interchange of books and messages until the death of the latter.

The later years of Princess Gallitzin's life were troubled—though not darkened—by various misfortunes. In 1792 she was called upon to make the sacrifice of her son, Prince Dmitri, who started in that year on a pleasure-trip to the United States, with introductions to Bishop Carroll of Baltimore. Within a few months he wrote home announcing his determination to enter the Seminary at Baltimore and devote his life to missionary labours, a resolution which filled his parents with dismay, not only because of the inevitable and final separation from their only son which it entailed, but because such a step involved his immediate disinheritance according to Russian law, and brought down on the whole family the severe displeasure of the reigning Empress, Catherine II. Moreover, Dmitri's mother was filled with conscientious, but, as the event was to prove, utterly unfounded fears concerning the fitness of her son for so high a vocation. It was not until his ordination had actually taken place, and the young Prince had given every possible proof of self-sacrificing ardour, that her anxieties were at length allayed, and that she was able to enter with true maternal sympathy into all the spiritual joys and physical hardships of his new life. From that time onwards until her death, presents of money, of church ornaments, of vestments worked with her own and her daughter's fingers, passed constantly from Münster to the humble village in the Alleghanies where the young Russian Prince joyfully served his Divine Master in obscurity and poverty, often indeed in a state of actual destitution.

At home, in quiet Münster, political and religious troubles gathered thickly round the little body of ardent Catholics of whom Baron Fürstenberg was still the recognized leader, and who found in Count Stolberg their most valiant champion, and in the *salon* of the Hotel Gallitzin their daily rallying-ground.

In 1802, the town passed under the dominion of Protestant Prussia, and soon, throughout the little principality, a regular "Kulturkampf" was organized, which did not come to an end until, by the Peace of Tilsit, Münster was temporarily united to the newly-created kingdom of Westphalia, an event which the Princess Gallitzin did not live to witness. In this struggle for Catholic freedom of thought and of worship, were ranged on the one side the Prussian and civil authorities, and the Masonic lodges; on the other, the clergy, the nobility, and the great mass of the people. Count Stolberg with his pen, and the Princess with her inexhaustible charity, were most potent factors for good on the Catholic side. But the strain and the anxiety of the struggle, into which our heroine flung herself with all the enthusiastic zeal of her younger days, proved too great for her already shattered constitution. The year preceding her death was one of almost uninterrupted pain and illness. Yet the Princess relaxed neither her demonstrations of public sympathy for the cause she had at heart, nor her innumerable acts of private benevolence, nor yet in the courageous resignation with which she welcomed her sufferings. The news of the sudden death, in the summer of 1805, of one of her dearest friends, the Countess Theresa von Truchses, Abbess of the Convent of Vreda, came as a shock from which her enfeebled frame never completely rallied. In March, 1806, she was reluctantly obliged to take to her bed, being nursed with passionate devotion by her daughter, the Princess Marianne, and her niece, Countess Amelia von Schmethem, and strengthened by the constant ministrations of the Abbé Overberg. When at length the end came (April 23rd, 1806), all her intimate friends, Fürstenberg, Stolberg, the von Droste brothers, and many more were gathered around her. In the early morning, having risen to her knees, in spite of intense weakness, to receive once more the Blessed Sacrament from the hands of her confessor, she remained for a few moments in profound adoration, and then, with the name of our Divine Lord on her lips, passed away so peacefully that the moment of death was unobserved even by her daughter, in whose arms she was supported. She was buried, according to her own desire, in the graveyard of the little village of Angelfmodde, in that portion which is put aside for the use of the poor.

That the intellectual attainments of the Princess Amelia Gallitzin were of a very high order, the testimony of Diderot,

of Hemsterhuys, of Goethe, and of Fürstenberg, furnishes ample guarantee. Yet she did not write a single book, and her journal is interesting, not as literature, but as a psychological study. For fifteen years her whole life was dominated by intellectual ambition, by an insatiable craving for knowledge, by a pathetic, because futile, attempt to raise herself to the level of the master minds of the world in some half-dozen different branches of learning. Her mind was essentially sympathetic and adaptive, restlessly active, but not creative. With all her vanity, and with a certain assumption of intellectual independence, she yet always craved for a teacher, for a masculine mind to dominate her own, and she was as ready to assimilate the teachings of her Christian friends at Münster as those of her philosophic friends at the Hague. Had her life come to a close at the epoch of her first acquaintance with Fürstenberg, her reputation might have lingered faintly as that of an unusually attractive blue-stocking. Her mind at that time was impregnated with all the ideals, and with all the prejudices of eighteenth century thought. That the Catholic Church should ever find in the student of "Nithuys" both a submissive daughter and a valiant champion, would have appeared to herself and to her friends as the height of grotesque absurdity. Fortunately the miracles of history are more marvellous than those of the most fertile human imagination, and it is precisely in her character as a "convert to the faith" that the memory of the Princess Gallitzin appeals to us to-day. In truth, during the whole first half of her life, the Princess had mistaken her own vocation. What she really craved for, unknown to herself, throughout the feverish self-education of those earlier years, was nothing less than the authoritative teaching of the Church, the dogmatic certainty of revealed religion. It was not until her formal reconciliation with the Church of her Baptism that she felt intellectually and spiritually satisfied. And all through the last twenty years of her life we can trace the ever-increasing power of the faith that was in her, a faith founded on intellectual and moral conviction, moulding, restraining, and perfecting her brilliant, undisciplined nature, a faith which deepened year by year, as she realized through personal experience—that most unanswerable of all arguments—how the religion of Jesus Christ, as interpreted by the Catholic Church alone, furnishes, in every possible crisis of life, a never-failing motive for righteousness.

C. FORD.

## *Across the Tatra.*

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### II.

As we resume our march, the panorama at our feet gains every moment in brilliancy and variety. Fresh peaks are ever cropping up behind those we know already, and unknown lakes peep out at us from many a rocky ledge like the gleam of blue-green eyes. The flowers too up here are more vivid by far than down below, making those others look pale and consumptive, by comparison. The rock carnations here have blushed many shades deeper than their sisters in the vale; the forget-me-nots are more brightly, more unfashionably blue.

Reaching the top of the Polnischer Kamm, the last step of our ascent is like the drawing up of a stage drop-curtain, as abruptly a whole new panorama, a different world, comes into view. The Hungarian table-land, forest streaked and village dotted, lies stretched before our eyes, in startling contrast to the solitude in our rear. For some minutes we stand here aloft on the narrow comb which marks the top of the ridge, poised midway between Poland and Hungary, enjoying the double vista afforded by this commanding position. But the wind up here is over-keen to permit of much lingering, and we have still a good four hours' walk before us ere we can hope to reach Tatra Türed. So we descend again into another deep and lonely valley, strewn throughout with huge granite blocks lying piled upon the top of each other, much as irregular sugar lumps may be thrown pell-mell into a gigantic sugar-basin which you—an unfortunate wingless fly—are expected to traverse. The colossal dimensions of our surroundings render us acutely conscious of our own insignificance as laboriously we pick our way from block to block, a hard enough task, for the stones though large are loose and apt to plunge and sway unexpectedly beneath our feet like a set of vicious grey rocking horses.



We have now lost sight of the distant view, and seem to have come into a grey stone world from which there is no issue—grey, grey, grey, everywhere, without a vestige of life to relieve the sense of utter desolation.

But suddenly the silence is broken by a shrill whistle ringing across the valley. It is the Carpathian marmot giving warning of the approach of man, and again and again from different points of the vale the sound is repeated—a note both sweet and melancholy, almost impossible to describe, for while sharply defined as a steam-whistle, it combines a suggestion of plaintive tenderness. Were the idea not so utterly incongruous, I should be inclined to compare it to a broken-hearted steam-engine, calling on the lost object of its affections. I am informed, however, by persons who have a nearer acquaintance with the Carpathian marmot, that its voice is decidedly misleading and apt to convey an erroneous impression of the real animal, which at close quarters behaves in a manner that is neither sweet nor plaintive. It is much larger and fiercer than its Piedmontese brother, and scarcely seems to be the sort of animal which the traditional poor Savoyard boy would select to carry round Europe on the top of a barrel-organ.

After a while the granite blocks begin to dwindle in size, and at every step we make there is more grass and less stone to be seen, while the Krummholz getting higher, imperceptibly resolves itself into pines. At about four o'clock p.m., we reach a small shelter and refreshment-hut, where we are received by a genial Hungarian, who looks remarkably like Girardi<sup>1</sup> just stepped out of the operette, the *Zigener Baron*, and who emphatically assures us that he had first-rate beer and wine and cheese, only yesterday, and will have them again to-morrow; we having apparently stumbled upon the only day in the week when larder and cellar are empty. The milk, however, is first-rate as well, and refreshed by some glasses of it we push on to our destination, which we reach some two hours later, finding ourselves suddenly plunged into the heart of a brilliant and fashionable world, made up of picturesque Swiss buildings, elegant loungers, dainty toilettes, and gipsy musicians. The place is full to overflowing, but the kindness of the Bade-Director, to whom I had applied, procures us an excellent

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Girardi is at present the most popular comic operette singer in Vienna, the part referred to of Zupan in the *Zigener Baron*, being one of his most successful rôles.

lodging in the very centre of the place, which for our benefit he has obligingly taken away from some other expected tourist.

Our arrival had occasioned some little stir in the place, and quite a crowd was soon collected round the entrance of the Bade-Direction while we were inquiring about our rooms. As we came out again, a host of stumpy individuals, with sombre clothing and gnome-like features, started up round us in bewildering fashion, guides as they proved to be from some of the neighbouring German settlements, all eager to get the latest arrivals into their clutches. "Do you want horses to ride to the Popper See?" was the reiterated question dinned into our ears on all sides, until we began to loathe the very name of the lake. The worthy Germans were very hard to convince that we required no horses nor had any intention of visiting the lake in question, and even when at last reduced to silence they continued to dog our footsteps, viewing us with grave scrutiny, as though trying to make out in which direction our tastes might be supposed to lie. Presently one of them, more persistent than his fellows, was struck by a bright idea. If we did not wish to go to the Popper See, then at least we might perhaps care to look at the house where once had resided a gentleman who broke his neck up the mountains two years ago?

Never having previously even heard the name of this unfortunate Carpathian victim, it was difficult to get up much enthusiasm on the subject of the lodging he had occupied before shuffling off his mortal coil, so this tempting offer was also declined, to the great chagrin of our pursuers, who dropped away crestfallen, evidently regarding as dead failures the benighted strangers who showed themselves thus callous towards their well-meant offers of entertainment.

Having shaken off these satellites, we proceeded to supper in the large restaurant, where places were laid for about a hundred and fifty people. Here we found good cookery, Vienna prices, and waiters quite as intolerably conceited as those who adorn the capital.

We spent the whole of next day in an easy lounging fashion, very pleasant on the back of our previous exertions, sauntering about the immediate environs of the place, listening to the wild melancholy strains of the gipsy band, and generally taking stock of the resources of Tatra Türed. We indulged in a Krummholz bath, dark brown in hue, and of pungent aromatic odour, a prime recipe for restoring the strength and soothing the nerves after

any unwonted exertion ; but let the fair bather beware of bringing her face into contact with the water, else she will emerge from it embellished with a fine mahogany complexion which cannot easily be got rid of.

The German guides, whose hopes regarding the Popper See had apparently revived during the night, lost no time in putting in an appearance, and it was most amusing to watch the delicate manœuvring with which they contrived to approach the subject nearest their heart. They one and all had Popper See on the brain, and as all roads are said to lead to Rome, so every topic, however remote, was made to lead to the Popper See. Thus, for instance, inquiring of one the way to the post-office, he replied, "Yonder, in the building opposite, and may be you would also like to be shown the way to the Popper See?" Or if he heard us ask what o'clock it was, would briskly put in, "Only six hours there and back again, and I have two excellent horses that would be proud to carry the lady and gentleman."

Their importunities at last drove me into violent language, and I managed to make clear my meaning that I would have nothing to do with either the Popper See or their horses ; I had already seen a dozen lakes within the last two days, and was not going to have a thirteenth one forced down my throat *volens volens*. I felt it would have given me an indigestion.

Apparently I had succeeded in crushing their hopes, for I heard no more about the odious lake for some time, and presently one of the Germans drew near again, and dropped into pleasant chatty talk, telling us all about his fields and family, his children and his cattle, till perceiving that we had had enough of his company, and were about to move off, he wound up by saying :

"Good-day, then, madam, so you are really sure that you will not be wanting a horse to take you to the Popper See?"

"Quite sure," I returned, and there our acquaintance ended.

The great attraction of Schmecks lies in its being surrounded by the forest on all sides, which indeed has only been cleared away sufficiently to admit of about a dozen buildings finding place. Well-kept paths abound for the convenience of daintier mortals, who shrink from unnecessary exertion, but there is plenty to satisfy more ambitious spirits as well, and an hour's walk in any direction will take you out of the ken of man, to roam undisturbed in ideal sylvan wildernesses.

Coming straight from the Polish side, the order and precision

of all the arrangements at Schmecks strikes one most forcibly. Every contingency has been foreseen and provided for, the prices of rooms, guides, horses, and the like, being settled by a fixed tariff, from which divergence is impossible. By this means inexperienced tourists are spared the discomfort and annoyance of being imposed upon, and every request, petition, or remonstrance must be addressed directly to the Bade-Director, who has certainly got his hands full in the height of the season, but who nevertheless contrives to provide for and satisfy the three or four hundred guests that are directly under his charge.

Ünter-Schmecks and Neu-Schmecks, two adjacent colonies, which have sprung up of late years, in order to accommodate the ever-increasing stream of visitors, are governed much in the same fashion as the parent settlement, and with the like admirable precision. Undoubtedly the Magyars possess a great genius for organization, and it is as good as a page in history to pass abruptly from the Polish to the Hungarian watering-place. Comparisons, though proverbially odious, are here unavoidable, and coming straight from the beautiful and romantic, but alas! yet disorganized and neglected Zakopane, to the brisk and flourishing Tatra Türed, helps one to understand how national prosperity or adversity may be brought about.

It was likewise curious to trace the effect of this unwonted order and precision upon the Slav mind in the person of our Polish guides. Never did I see men more thoroughly wretched during the thirty-six hours of our stay upon Hungarian soil. They went about Schmecks in a hang-dog fashion, looking like fish out of water, or men upon whom the sentence of death has recently been passed. Most bitterly, too, did they complain to us of the ridiculous narrow-mindedness of the Hungarian police, which did not let a poor man sleep in the forest at his own sweet will, or objected to his making a fire where he listed whereon to boil his tea-kettle. Life was not worth living under these conditions, and they yearned to be home again over their own frontier, back to the congenial disorder, the pleasant haphazard way of living, so dear to their unsophisticated spirits.

We leave pleasant Schmecks early on the morning of the 19th, bound for the little watering-place of Barlanliget, about three hours distant, for we had resolved to go home by a different route, skirting the mountain to the east, this plan

having the double advantage of being far easier walking and of showing us a totally new part of the country. The Zawrat and the Polnischer Kamm were all very well for once in a way, but it would have been pointless, we felt, to repeat the tour de force within the same week.

It is a lovely morning, and we have a lovely walk, skirting the forest edge; to the right we get peeps of the Hungarian plain wherever there is a clearing in the forest; to the left the unbroken chain of the Tatra mountains, which here show fully grander than from the Polish side; highest of all the Lomnitzer Spitze, round which the morning vapours are curling like a delicate filmy veil.

"The Lomnitzer is dressing," says our Polish guide. "She is putting on her shirt;" and some minutes later he remarks that she (the Lomnitzer) is an amiable quiet mountain, gentle as a sheep, who allows any one to mount on her back, but that he, that other one, the Gerlsdorfer, is a proud fellow and very unapproachable. He is apt to throw down with broken bones those presumptuous mortals who seek to ascend him.

Wherever the wood has been cut down, the great willow herb, just now in full bloom, has taken possession of the soil, painting the country for miles around with a brilliant amethyst tint, which from a distance bears a certain resemblance to the purple heather of our own moorlands, and makes us think of Tennyson:

And many a fairy foreland set with willow-weed and mallow.

At nine o'clock we reach Barlanliget, a brand new little establishment of scarce a dozen houses, dropped down into the entrance of a thickly-wooded pine valley. Although the deal boards of which the buildings are constructed are still moist and sticky, with the fresh resin trickling down their sides like drops of liquid amber, yet already here, too, as at Schmecks, the spirit of order and method pervades the place. There is an excellent restaurant, a bath-establishment, a post-office, and a swimming-school in course of construction.

After a second breakfast, we proceed to visit the stalactite grotto, supposed to be the great attraction of the place, an exceedingly curious cavern, whose existence though known of in the last century, as testified by various inscriptions on the walls, had subsequently lapsed into oblivion, to be discovered anew about half a dozen years since.

Donning a pair of linen gaiters in order to protect our clothes from the damp, we enter the cavern, where you may wander for hours through endless corridors and apartments, profusely decorated with the most fantastic stalactites and stalagmites, which the patient dropping of centuries has wrought into shapes, both weird and grotesque, each of which has received an appropriate appellation.

We are conducted successively to a chapel, a graveyard, a cabinet of statues, and a sausage-shop; we admire the Parnassus, the large and the small Mount Calvary, Arpad's helmet, the palm-tree, and the hermitage, all of which for our benefit are illumined by coloured Bengal light; then having had enough of these wonders, for after all, to any but a geologist, one group of stalactites is remarkably like another, and it requires some little imagination to distinguish the helmet from the palm-tree, or the tombstones from the sausages, we loudly clamour to be taken back to the light of day. We have still far to go before nightfall and cannot afford to lose so much time under ground. At last we are released, after having been compelled to admire one more wonder, nothing less than the statue of the great Maria Theresa herself, a huge upright block which certainly bears a slight resemblance to the well-known statue that was lately unveiled on the Vienna Ring Strasse.

As we are preparing to start anew, I make the alarming discovery that our guide, who has never yet taken this precise route, which lies out of the usual tourist's beat, seems to be but imperfectly at home in these regions, and has evidently but a very shadowy idea of the short cut that is to take us to Javorina to pass the night. Desirous of obtaining some more reliable information, I re-enter the post-office with the intention of cross-questioning an official I had already spoken to in the morning, but the office proves to be shut, and I am turning away disappointed, when my eye is caught by a calling card fixed on a neighbouring door. I stop and read, "Professor Kolbenheyer," a very familiar sound, as throughout our expedition we have been guided by the excellent little handbook bearing the same name. Can it be possible that Providence has cast across my path the very person of all others best qualified to give the information I require? I enter the room and see a venerable-looking, grey-haired gentleman, who can only be a learned German professor. His identity with the author of the well-known handbook is quickly established, and

he proves to be as obliging as he is learned, giving us minute directions as to the way we must follow, and with his own hand tracing out our route on the map. He tells us, too, that no lodging is to be had at Javorina as we had been counting upon, but that we must stop at Podspady, a village about an hour to this side of Javorina, a very valuable piece of information, as it saves us a wild-goose chase and nearly two hours' superfluous walking. With many thanks and apologies for having thus broken in upon his studies, we depart, and have no further difficulty in finding the way.

For some little time we follow the high-road, which is both hot and dusty, as there is a temporary break in the forest just here. Sometimes we sit down and rest by the wayside, indulging in a little desultory conversation with the natives, who about here are of Slovak nationality, wearing gaily braided coats and monstrous flapping hats, the women very Oriental-looking with their white headcloths and richly embroidered sleeves. One man in particular took our fancy. He was standing on a strip of field by the roadside, holding a cow attached to a short piece of knotted rope. The grazing cow, of a lively disposition, frequently interrupted her meal in order to butt her master affectionately in the side, while he responded by boxing her ears whenever the caresses threatened to become too violent.

"What was he doing here?" we asked.

"Taking care of the cow."

"Could not the cow take care of herself?"

"She is too passionate to be left alone, it softens her to have me near."

"And you stand here all day?"

"All day."

"Do you never do any other work but mind the cow?"

"What other work should I do?"

The idea seemed to amuse him prodigiously. More talk elicited the further information that he had served as soldier in the Austro-German War of 1866, having been one of those compelled to retreat on the fatal day of Königgrätz which he described elaborately, though his narrative was frequently interrupted by the obstreperous conduct of the tethered cow, which nearly succeeded more than once, in knocking this ancient warrior off his legs.

Resuming our march, we left the peasant as we had found



him, standing by the roadside and boxing his cow's ears; to all appearance perfectly happy in this engrossing occupation, and thoroughly satisfied with his position and *rôle* in life. I sometimes wonder if he is still standing there, and whether he has yet succeeded in reducing the cow's character to the requisite degree of softness?

On past the ugly struggling village of Zdjar, stretching fully three kilometers along the road, and there at last we gain the welcome shade of the forest which leads us to Podspady. Podspady, scarcely to be dignified by the name of a village, is merely a group of wretched huts scattered near a respectable-looking gamekeeper's lodge. The Jewish pot-house, where we are to pass the night, looks so exceedingly uninviting that we hesitate to enter, and when we do so at last, are agreeably surprised to find two *almost* clean little rooms reserved for the use of strangers.

It was Friday evening, and as the first star had already shone out on the horizon, our Jewish landlord, an old grey-bearded man, was deep in his Szavas devotions, having no time to bestow on terrestrial business. Apparently he was supposed to be ignorant of the presence of guests within his house on the Sabbath, for throughout our stay we only had distant glimpses of him esconced within an inner room that opened off the kitchen, and whenever he inadvertently caught sight of one of us, he hastened to cover up his face with an exceedingly dirty cloth, as though to shut off the painful and scandalous spectacle. I have small doubt, however, that he contrived to make out our bill in the intervals of his prayers, and that he was keenly aware of every single egg that was consumed that evening.

Our supper, a couple of scraggy fowls which had evidently died of consumption, was prepared by a little girl, probably his grand-daughter, aged thirteen as she proudly informed us, but looking scarcely ten. Her cookery must be excused in consideration of her tender age, and even then the less said about it the better, though we were so hungry after our long day's march that we should have been ready to devour anything that came to hand.

The beds, however, were really clean, and we enjoyed a good night's rest, secure in the comfortable consciousness of having double-locked the outer door that led to both rooms. Perhaps we might not have slept quite as soundly had we been

aware that bolting and locking were alike an empty farce; the rivet into which the bolts were shot, hung literally by a thread, but luckily for our peace of mind we only made this discovery on the following morning, when on opening the door the whole concern fell jingling to the ground.

Of the last day's walk there is little to relate, save that it led us again through a succession of ravishing pine forests, and that we came upon a perfect garden of wild strawberries, larger by far and more aromatic than any we had seen for sale in the villages, but growing in a spot so remote and secluded as apparently to have eluded the eye of the berry-hunting children.

Reaching Zakopane, we emerged from the forest close to the mineral bath of Jasczurouwka, a neutral thermo with much of the same properties as the Vöslau waters and preserving, summer and winter alike, a temperature of twenty degrees (Celsius). A plunge in its clear green waters was therefore the most obviously appropriate termination to our expedition, refreshed by which, at two o'clock p.m., we had regained our quiet lodging at Eisenhammer, well satisfied with what we had achieved within the past five days.

To all lovers of healthy exercise and beautiful mountain scenery, a walk across the Tatra may be most heartily recommended, for even if you do come back from the expedition with your clothes in rags and your complexion nowhere, what spirit would be sufficiently ignoble to murmur at such trifling inconveniences? Have you not in exchange laid up a store of health and strength for months to come, and acquired a treasure of memories and impressions sufficient to brighten the long dreary winter in town, to which you are return'ng?

E. LASZOWSKA GERARD.

*Father Gallwey's "Watches of the Passion."*<sup>1</sup>

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IT is one of the compensations which God's providence has known how to draw out of the attacks made in this nineteenth century upon the Divinity of our Saviour, that we have witnessed amongst us of late years the growth of a devout and increasingly painstaking study of the external features of our Lord's life and teaching. Strauss, Renan, and their imitators have done incalculable harm to many of our generation, but there is a residue of good as well. It is to their aggressive criticism that we are in some measure indebted for such admirable books as those of Fouard, Le Camus, Sepp, Fillion, Grimm, Didon, Frette, Schanz, Ollivier, and many more, all of whom have contributed something to facilitate the intelligent understanding of the Gospel record, or have stimulated our desire to realize with more vividness the scenes and the surroundings amongst which our Redeemer passed His days. Neither need we refuse a tribute of gratitude to the scholars not of our faith who have laboured in a reverent spirit to clear up disputed points of archæology and history, and who have often taken the lead of Catholic students in the energy they have devoted to the task. All this is as it should be, and every right-minded Christian will rejoice that by such means the personality of our Blessed Lord is, as it were, brought nearer to us, and the circumstances of His Life made more real to an ever-increasing number of the faithful.

And yet it is an almost inevitable result of the more accurate and critical attitude of mind thus induced, that ordinary readers must come to be a little bit out of conceit with the devotional treatises on the Gospels which satisfied their grandfathers. Of course there is a class of works which can never grow old. Their very charm lies in their absolute

<sup>1</sup> *The Watches of the Sacred Passion, with Before and After.* By Father P. Gallwey, S.J. 3 vols. crown 8vo, xii. 543, 525, 448 pp. London: Art and Book Company, 1894. Price 12s. net. and 15s. net.

childlike simplicity. We would not have them a single grain more critical, and it may be said that the older and the more pedantically erudite the world grows, the more it will appreciate the attraction of their fresh unhesitating faith in the unseen. Such a book is the *Fioretti di San Francesco*; such, in the matter of which we are now speaking, are the *Lives of our Blessed Lord* written by St. Bonaventure and Ludolf of Saxony. But there are many other books of devotion, biographical, exegetical, or purely ascetic, in which this charm is not so conspicuous, and it is, we believe, a conviction often felt by good people, if not always expressed aloud in words, that where we touch upon the domain of history and exegesis the old spiritual writers are unsatisfactory, and that we require something more in harmony with modern ways of thinking if nineteenth century readers are to be moved to that same personal love of our Saviour which distinguished their forefathers. It is not that true devotion can ever grow out of date, or that the essential features of the spiritual life can change, but our habits of thought have undergone modification, and the fashion of argument of other days is apt now to arouse too much demur and protest in the understanding to pass on effectively its message to the will.

Under these circumstances a danger arises that good people should turn too exclusively to books in which the historical and archæological aspects of our Lord's Life are made so prominent that its spiritual lessons are thrown into the shade. It would surely be a mistake if such narratives as those of the Abbé Fouard or Père Didon, excellent in every way though they be, should ever be taken as a substitute for that devout pondering of each act and utterance of the Master, by which, as all tradition attests, the science of the saints is alone to be learnt. Hence many people have felt that another style of book was needed to supplement such works as those referred to above, and to kindle anew the interest of the faithful in the devotional side of the sublime record of the Gospels. We require something fresh and attractive which may have grace to touch fastidious readers of our own day, and may be able to do for them what the devout contemplations on the Passion of Louis of Granada and Father de la Palma, for instance, did for another age. Much as we may value a knowledge of the outward features of our Lord's Life, that knowledge is only subsidiary to something higher still. The greatest work of all must be that which causes

the lessons which it teaches to sink more deeply into the hearts of men, and which uses the data supplied by human science, whether sacred or profane, just so far as they help forward the supreme object of making our Saviour better loved, just so far and no further.

Whether any book will ever be written which shall fully realize this high ideal, it is not easy to say, but the work whose title stands at the head of this article comes, to our thinking, very near it. The publication of this truly noble monument to the honour of our Lord's Sacred Passion, the life-work of one who for fifty years has made it his daily study, is an event of interest to English-speaking Catholics all over the world. We need not be understood to imply that Father Gallwey's three bulky volumes leave no room for criticism. On the contrary, we think that almost every reader will have some alteration to suggest, or some objection to raise. Many, no doubt, will find fault with its method and arrangement; others will pronounce it sadly uncritical; others, again, will dissent from the author's views upon harmonistic questions and details of interpretation. None the less its most rigid censors will hardly dispute its claim to be a work *hors ligne*, a really noteworthy addition to the ascetical literature, not of our own country merely, but of the Catholic Church. For our own part, we venture to prophesy that it is destined to live through many editions, to find a cordial welcome in foreign lands, and best of all—the only aim which the author has at heart—to help a multitude of souls struggling after perfection, alike in the seclusion of the cloister and amid the turmoil of the world, to know and love our Lord better and to follow more closely in the footsteps of the Crucified.

We are not at all sure that Father Gallwey will be grateful to us for words which may seem to agree but ill with the singular sobriety and modesty of statement which are characteristic of his book from the first page to the last. Let us try to make amends by setting before the reader a plain and straightforward account of its arrangement and its contents.

The work with which *The Watches of the Passion* most naturally invites comparison is that published four years ago, in Paris, by the well-known Dominican, Père Ollivier. Beyond the fact, however, that they deal with a common subject and that both authors are full in their descriptions of the holy places which they have studied on the spot, it is by their contrasts,

rather than by their resemblances, that the two works illustrate each other. Père Ollivier's book is, as its title-page describes it, an *essai historique*. Its aim is to instruct rather than to edify. Though written in a spirit of deep and tender reverence, it does not professedly make its appeal to the will; and the words of the Gospel, either recited or simply paraphrased, are left for the most part to suggest their lesson for themselves. Father Gallwey's purpose, on the other hand, is primarily to excite devotion, and his book is a book of "contemplations" worked out in considerable detail, as by one who in studying the different scenes of the Passion speaks his thoughts out aloud to his hearers. The word "contemplation," it should be remembered, as we understand it here, is used in the technical sense in which St. Ignatius employs it in the Spiritual Exercises. It may afford a good specimen of the many subsidiary *documenta spiritualia* with which Father Gallwey has enriched his book, if we quote here his explanation of what St. Ignatius means by a "contemplation."

When you, devout reader, and many other persons meet together in a lecture-hall, or at a concert, or for an evening entertainment, there are three things, among many others, which you often do.

I. First, *you watch with your eyes* some person who enters, or comes near you. You study his face, his dress, his gait, his manner; and through his outward appearance make guesses and conjectures as to his age, his position in life, his inward dispositions, his character, his mental qualities, or his present frame of mind; and after some time you come to some conclusion: "This man, I think, is amiable, or he is stern. He is mild, or he seems haughty and harsh."

If you know the person already, then your conclusions or judgments are merely about his present state of mind: "He seems to be in trouble to-day; or he is in a good-humour; I think he must be unwell; or he seems in much better spirits than usual."

Or again, your thoughts may take a turn of this kind: "How pleasing it is to find a man of such high position so simply dressed; or one of such eminent abilities so unpretending; or one whom I know to have such sorrows of his own so thoughtful of others."

So that sometimes you are engrossed with a study of the outer man; sometimes attending more to the inward qualities.

After this study of the person to whom your attention has been drawn, you then often *turn upon yourself, or reflect upon yourself*, and ask yourself some question of this kind: "What shall I do? Shall I make acquaintance with him, or not?" Or, if I know him already, "Shall I go up to speak to him, or keep out of his way? There is

something that I want to get from him; does this seem to be the right moment? Is he in a good-humour?" and so on.

II. After a while this person whom you have been studying goes away out of your sight. Your occupation is gone. What, then, are you now doing? "Are you studying some one else with your eyes?" "No, I am not." "What then are you doing?" "*I am listening with my ears.* Two or three friends are around me, and *I am listening*, and I have just heard one say that there was a fire yesterday in the East End, in the very street where my uncle possesses many houses."

"Well, what then?" "Why, when you came up I was thinking about myself, that is, *turning upon myself*, or reflecting upon myself and asking: What I ought to do? I am my uncle's only nephew, and a great favourite with him. This fire may concern me more than a little. I am thinking whether I ought to go down to the East End to see after things; to find out whether he has suffered, and whether I ought to wire to him, and the rest.

"At another time when I am listening, what impresses me is that the speaker is so high-minded; that his principles are so good, his advice so sound; or that he sees deeper into the subject than others do; or that he weighs his words carefully; and I afterwards find myself considering what sort of things he praised and valued, and what were the things that he disliked and condemned.

"Or, on the other hand, it may be that I perceive a tone of exasperation, a spirit of harsh criticism, which scares me, or I hear some oracles uttered which I mistrust.

"After listening in this way, *I turn on myself* to see whether I shall avoid this speaker, or try to have him as a friend."

III. Half an hour later, when this point has all been settled, some one comes and asks: "What are you doing now? Are you studying any particular person with your eyes, as you were an hour ago?" "No, I am not." "Are you listening to any news?" "No, there is no one speaking to me." "What then are you doing?" "I am looking at what is going on in that corner. There is movement there. There is a crowd gathering, and some disturbance there. I think I saw some one fall down; and I heard a cry, and then I saw some one run out of the room, holding a cloth which seemed to be stained with blood."

"Well, what then?" "Why, I was just thinking about myself (*turning back on myself*): considering what I ought to do. Can I be of any use? Shall I go and see whether they want some brandy, or some bandages? or whether a doctor should be sent for?" (vol. i. pp. 9—11.)

The arrangement and division of his subject which Father Gallwey has adopted in his contemplations, is roughly indicated by the title of his work: *The Watches of the Sacred Passion, with Before and After*. *Before* deals with the events of the



three weeks preceding the Passion, from the raising of Lazarus till the evening of the Thursday. *After* embraces the entombment and the whole forty days of the Risen Life. The *Watches of the Passion*, strictly so-called, are an arrangement of the time from sunset on the Thursday evening to sunset on Good Friday, divided into periods of three hours, four night-watches and four day-watches. Those who may have followed retreats given by the author, will remember how fond he is of dwelling upon the thought that the sufferings of the Passion continued through the twenty-four hours, so that every afflicted soul tossing restless upon a bed of pain can unite itself at each moment of the day with some stage in the physical or mental agony of our Saviour. It is in the following words of the chapter headed "Preliminary," that we may find the justification of the title.

It will help us much to remember our Lord and His Death, if we form the habit of dividing the day and the night into *the watches of the Passion*, each watch of three hours. This we can do with less effort of the mind than if we attempt to note the clock of the Passion hour by hour. The four watches of the night and the four watches of the day are easily remembered; and the Divine providence that overruled Satan's plans and the plans of the Jewish priests, and arranged that the Sacred Passion in every one of its incidents should conduce to the salvation and sanctity of men, decreed, among other details, that it should just fill up and consecrate all the watches of one night and all the watches of the following day. . . .

We often see a large apartment filled with the beautiful and softened light that comes from the lamp with its coloured shade upon it. Even so from Calvary, under its veil of darkness, there is spread over the Christian world a mellow and softened and hallowed light; sad, if you will, and mournful, but so beautiful, so consoling, so full of loveliness and heavenly grace, that it has sufficed to draw away the hearts of men from all that this world can offer. Calvary is become the home of the Christian heart. Every night and every day, from sunset to sunset, is for the faithful Christian become a Good Friday, hallowed by the night-watches and the day-watches of our Saviour's Passion, and by the everlasting Sacrifice of the Altar, the *clean oblation* offered from sunrise to sundown and from sunset till dawn, *to show the Death of the Lord.* (vol. i. pp. 7—9.)

Each of the eight watches of three hours constitutes a separate chapter of Father Gallwey's book, but these chapters are divided into "scenes," which, if we rightly enter into the author's conception, are to be considered as representing rather fresh arrangements of our mental picture, new *tableaux vivants* so to speak

of the figures we are contemplating, than involving any necessary change of locality. Thus in the third day-watch from twelve to three, during which our Saviour hangs upon the Cross, we hardly quit the site of Calvary at all, but the matter is divided into eleven "scenes." In the fourth night-watch, where we contemplate our Blessed Lord in the dungeon and the judgment-hall, only two scenes are given. The scenes in turn are subdivided into "stations," which vary a good deal in number according to the subject. At the beginning of each station are printed the verses of the Gospel with which it deals, and the author then sets before us his devotional comments, sometimes but a single nugget of thought, sometimes three or four, sometimes as many as twenty, each being marked with a separate letter of the alphabet. Questions of harmonistic arrangement, descriptions of sites, discussions about archæological details, fragments of pious tradition, all the historical apparatus of the subject, in a word, are introduced in paragraphs of small type just where occasion arises, while the almost numberless quotations from Holy Scripture are printed uniformly in italics. The result, we may say, is not at all confusing, though in the absence of any sort of index it would be hard to find again any definite piece of information wanted, neither is the book so scrappy and disconnected as might be supposed from this description of the principles on which it is arranged. Of course it must be remembered that it is a book for meditation rather than for reading, a book to be chewed and digested, not swallowed down wholesale; none the less, if one excepts one or two portions, such as the discourse before the Last Supper, where the want of movement in the subject-matter necessitates a certain uniformity and monotony of treatment, we have found from our own experience, that the volumes can be read continuously without any effort. Still they are so pregnant in thought that we are conscious all the time of a feeling that we shall have to re-read and to read yet again, before we can hope to possess ourselves of all that is contained in them.

On the other hand, the arrangement in independent paragraphs has very distinct advantages of its own. It has enabled the author to impart to his printed page much of the variety, the impressiveness, the directness, the sympathetic tenderness of a spoken discourse, or better of those meditations made aloud of which the hearers of Father Gallwey's retreats will so often be reminded. The reader feels as if some wise and experienced

cicerone had taken him by the hand, and like another Virgil was leading him from scene to scene of what is at once *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso* in the Sacred Passion. Every now and again he rallies our flagging attention with some familiar little watchword: *Attendite*—"O ye that pass by the way, attend and see," or he calls up to our lips a stanza of the *Stabat Mater*, or the *Dies Iræ*, or a loving ejaculation. But the only satisfactory way of making all this clear, is by an extract which shall be long enough to exhibit the whole *mise-en-scène* and to show how the sections are strung together. Let us take a passage almost at random from the third scene of the second night-watch, "The Grotto."

STATION I.

*And He was withdrawn from them a stone's cast, and kneeling down He prayed. (St. Luke xxii.) And when He had gone forward a little, He fell flat on the ground, and He prayed. (St. Mark xiv.) And going a little further, He fell upon His face, praying. (St. Matt. xxvi.)*

A. *And when He had gone forward a little.*

We must not forget what we have been told, that Jesus was already, before His Passion began, very much worn and emaciated. We may therefore contemplate Him making His way down the rough incline with very great difficulty. And though the three Apostles have been directed to stay where they were, yet we may perhaps assume that St. Peter and the sons of Zebedee, seeing how their beloved Master is tottering as He walks, follow Him a little way and offer Him help, till at length Jesus enters the Grotto where He wishes to make His prayer. Now it is that they see Him first sink down on His knees; and afterwards, as St. Mark relates (probably as he heard it from the eyewitness, St. Peter), *He fell flat on the ground.*

Then doubtless they understand from some sign given, or without a sign, that their Master wishes to be alone; and they go back in sadness to the bed of stone, where they lay themselves down. A little while surely they pray as their Master had bidden, but weariness and sadness cut short their prayer too soon, and oppressive sleep overcomes them on their hard bed.

STATION II.

*He fell flat on the ground, and He prayed. (St. Mark xiv. 35.)*

A. As He sinks down upon His knees, and then *falls flat on the ground*, with His sacred face pressed against the earth, we must once more call to mind that word He had just uttered: *My Soul is sorrowful even unto death*; and those other words afterwards written by the inspired Evangelist: *He began to fear and to be heavy, to grow sorrowful and to be sad.*

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Fear (*pavere*), heaviness, weary tedium (*tædere*), sadness (*mæstus esse*), and a sorrow unto death (*tristis*), are bowing down His worn Body to the ground.

"*Attendite.*" Full of anguish as this spectacle is, it is better far to go to this house of mourning than to any house of feasting. When Simon Peter said on Thabor: *It is good for us to be here! Let us make three tabernacles*; the inspired Evangelist adds: *He knew not what he said.* But if we come in spirit to the Grotto of the Agony, and say: *It is good for us to be here!* no inspired voice from Heaven will ever chide us, nor tell us that we know not what we say.

*It is good for us to be here, because by the sadness of His countenance, by the sadness of His sacred face pressed down to the earth, the mind of the offender is corrected.* (Eccles. vii.)

The mind and the heart of the poor sinner will be corrected and converted and changed here. It is wise to stay here: *The heart of the wise is where there is mourning*, and above all where the Lord Jesus, our Saviour, our Surety, our Brother, is in an agony.

B. *He began to fear and to be heavy, to grow sorrowful and to be sad.*

We are to look upon Him attentively; to listen to His sighs and His words, to watch His movements; to read, as well as we can, His secret thoughts; to gauge and measure, as far as we are able, the length, the breadth, the height, and the depth of His distress; and to think in wonder as we watch Him, that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, He can, if He pleases, entirely deliver Himself. He can shake off at once all suffering, all infirmity, and rise up in happiness ineffable. But with all His Heart He chooses and elects to be here, because *He has loved me and delivered Himself for me.* We must then reflect and see what kind of thoughts rise up in our own minds.

While we contemplate His prostration, St. Ignatius bids us specially form strong desires for the grace of compassion, but compassion rightly understood, which consists, not in some tender and pleasant emotions, but in a heavenly strength that makes us willing to share His sufferings. For what is compassion, what is sympathy, but a state of suffering with another who is suffering? (vol. ii. pp. 14—16.)

These are followed by fifteen other sections, C to R, all having reference to the same words, *He began to fear and to be heavy*, &c. We may illustrate the variety Father Gallwey gives to his treatment by quoting section F.

F. *He began to fear.*

A holy writer has explained this action of fear and sadness on the Soul of our Lord by this comparison. A military prince, ambitious to excel in sword-play, picks out the most expert swordsman in his army, and commands him to put forth all his skill while fencing with him, and promises to reward him well for doing so. He is quite

content to bear defeat, and even severe scars, if only he can gain his point, and become a perfect swordsman.

So is it now. An hour ago our Lord said to His disciples: *Have confidence, I have overcome the world.* (St. John xvi. 33.) He now wishes also to be able to say to all His followers in time to come, "Have confidence in the hour of temptation, for I have overcome the tempter." And therefore, desirous that we may all know that *He* (can) have *compassion on our infirmities*, He has resolved to be *tempted in all things as we are, but without sin*: (Hebrews iv.) that is to say, to experience in Himself the effect of our passions: to let our passions rise within Him, like a sea-storm; nay, to allow Satan to intensify, as far as he can, these human passions; but still to conquer them all by His love, strong as death. (vol. ii. pp. 19, 20.)

The reader will perceive from these extracts that there is nothing rhetorical about Father Gallwey's treatment of his subject, nothing even which deserves the name of fine writing. He is always simple and self-contained, and yet there is an earnestness and sincerity conspicuous in every sentence which drives its lessons home. If we were asked what was the most characteristic feature of the book we should sum it up, failing a better phrase, in the one word *unction*. We dislike the word extremely, because it is apt to call up associations connected with the adjective *unctuous*, an epithet, as we take it, when applied to things devotional, of the most uncomplimentary nature. Anything further removed from "unctuous" spirituality than Father Gallwey's teaching in the *Watches of the Passion* it would be impossible to find. But so far as unction means the grace of the Holy Ghost which, underlying even the simplest words, communicates to them the power of speaking direct to the heart and rousing the will to action, we say that unction is the most conspicuous quality of this great and beautiful book. Take a few sentences like these:

B. *They crucified Him.*

It is but a word—like that other word, *Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him*. It is only a short word. You can read it quickly and pass on, and forget it. But the Ever-Blessed Mother says to us imploringly, "*O vos omnes*. O you who pass by the way, turn aside for a little while. Come to me and stay with me to understand what is hidden in that word, *They crucified Him*. They crucified my Son. They crucified your Saviour."

C. *They crucified Him.*

When the priest arrives at the altar, he bows down to kiss it. Did Jesus of His own accord kneel down to kiss the Holy Rood? "*Domine,*

*tu nosti*"—*Lord, Thou knowest*. One thing is certain, that with an intensity and devotion infinitely beyond the fervour of His martyred Apostle, His Sacred Heart welcomes and salutes and venerates the Holy Rood, His friend, His ally, His helpmate in the work of redemption. (vol. ii. pp. 506, 507.)

How simply, again, does such a passage as the following exemplify the process of "contemplation" as it was explained for us above, and yet how eloquently the words speak.

A. The busy Priests and Ancients are arranging every ceremony :  
 "Halt here ! Strip Him ! *Do it quickly* : but hold Him fast."

"*Attendite*." We must stay a little while to watch the stripping of our Saviour.

The crown of thorns is pulled very quickly and very roughly out of the wounds and thrown down on the ground. The weight of the Cross, the frequent falls, the rough hands of the soldiers, have all helped to imbed the woollen tunic in the sacred wounds ; but with their strong arms, the executioners very quickly tear it out again from all the *wounds and swelling sores*.

Oh, when even one wound has to be dressed, how imploringly does the sufferer appeal to the pity of the nurses to do their work gently and with circumspection. *With what circumspection*, Lord Jesus—it is Thy Holy Spirit who gives us the word—*with what circumspection*, dost Thou deal with each of our wounds, with our infirmities, with our follies ! And how do we repay Thee ? How do we treat Thy wounds ? Do we dress them or bind them up or foment them with oil ? If we could even wash them with a few tears of compassion and contrition ! (vol. ii. pp. 502, 503.)

There is no feature in these volumes upon which we fancy so much difference of opinion is likely to be felt as upon the author's use of Holy Scripture. To many it will be their greatest charm that there is not a page which does not bear witness to his familiarity with the Sacred Text, and that it seems almost a second nature with him to express himself in the language of the inspired writers, even though it may sometimes happen that the words in their context are spoken in another meaning. The extracts already given will have illustrated this characteristic, although we have avoided rather than sought out those in which it was especially conspicuous. That Father Gallwey's use of Scripture is often extremely happy and helpful to devotion will be admitted by all. He would be a very captious critic who would quarrel with such a reminiscence as the following. The words are spoken of our Blessed Lady by the Cross after the Death of her Son.

F. *There stood by the Cross of Jesus, Mary His Mother.*

What, then, are the thoughts that arise in her heart?

David, when he heard of the death of his unworthy son, said as he went weeping to his chamber: *My son, Absalom; Absalom, my son who would grant me that I might die for thee. And he covered his head and cried with a loud voice: O my son, Absalom! O Absalom, my son! O my son!*

Our Blessed Lady passes beyond all this. At every step of the Sacred Passion her heart has been yearning that she might spare her Son by suffering instead of Him. It would be relief unspeakable if she might bear the wrench of bitter death in place of Him, or even be allowed to die along with Him. But she loves Him too well to urge this prayer. Her one desire now is: *Not as I will, my God, but as Thou.*

The love of her heart is stronger than death, and offers most willingly to do a harder thing than to die, that is, to live on after Him. (vol. iii. p. 192.)

So, too, who will not admire the use made of the word of the Prophet Isaias: "His look was as it were hidden and despised,"<sup>1</sup> in the following beautiful comments upon the *Ecce Homo*?

C. *Behold the Man!* John and Magdalen and others hear that word; but they do not need it. With all the earnestness of their souls they are looking, striving to recognize their Master. Alas! they cannot — *His look is hidden.*

To-night, when all is over, *when all things are quiet, and the night is in the midst of her course*, an eye-witness is being questioned by disciples who were not at the Prætorium: "How did the Master look? Was He still as we used to see Him: *The beautiful one in His robes, and walking in the greatness of His strength?*" "Alas! not so. His robe was not on Him. Nothing but a tattered soldier's mantle that did not cover Him. The wounds could all be seen. And in His footsteps there was no *strength* at all. He scarcely walked; the soldiers dragged Him to the front." "But was not His face still beautiful? Was there not that heavenly grace that used to draw us all?" "Oh, no; far from it. I was near and I saw Him: *His look was hidden.* I could not recognize Him at all. I heard them say it was Jesus, and I knew it must be our Master; but I could not distinguish one feature. His face was bruised and swollen and torn, and it was covered with spittle, and over the spittle were trickling down streams of blood from the thorns; and His eyes were half closed and stopped up with blood, and His beard was filled with blood. *We saw Him, and there was no beauty in Him, nor comeliness* at all! No, we could see Him clearly, and *there was* not even *sightliness*! There was nothing left of that grace that used

<sup>1</sup> Isaias liii. 3.



to charm us ; nothing that *we could be desirous* of Him. Oh, His word came true : *You shall all be scandalized in Me !* For a time the thought was in my mind : After all, then, the Pharisees and the Priests may be right. Alas ! is the Master an impostor ? Our trust was shaken. For a time *we esteemed Him not*. It seemed clear in that hour, that not only were men against Him, but He was become like *a leper, and one struck by God ; a man afflicted*.

"It was only when I turned and looked at the Blessed Mother, and saw her pale face, her eyes fixed most devoutly upon Him, and her tears falling, and her lips moving in prayer, that I felt full of remorse for having thought so wrongly ; and remembered that *He was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins*." (vol. ii. pp. 410, 411.)

There are, no doubt, many passages in which the use made of Holy Scripture is, so to speak, less legitimate than in the extracts we have given. Critical readers will complain that the words of Holy Writ are sometimes dragged in *à tort et à travers*, that we find at times allusions to incongruous ideas suggested by the Old Testament or legendary history which distract rather than help forward the contemplation upon which we are engaged. We do not wish to maintain that there is no foundation at all for such criticism, but there is much to be urged on the other side. After all, Father Gallwey has abundant authority for the use which he makes of Scripture in an applied sense both in the liturgy of Holy Church and in the writings of devout authors from the time of the Apostles themselves unto our own. Moreover, it seems to us that there is a certain measure of extravagance, of sweet *unreasonableness*, which is almost essential to all true feeling. Those things which stir the deepest chords in man's nature, are they not often as the foolishness of children, pet names, and silly fancies, and withered souvenirs ? He would be but a cold lover who conducted all his wooing in orderly accordance with reason and fact. If ever we should be so fortunate as to come across a saint, it will not surprise us *qu'il raffole un peu du bon Dieu*. And so we are led to conclude that the critical temperament is to some extent inconsistent with the highest form of devotion. The soul that is filled with the love of God is too absorbed in Him to care very much about the trifles which are but "the dust upon His robe." Once it has taken to heart the lesson, "When you exalt Him, put forth all your strength and be not weary ; for you can never go far enough," it seems unworthy to discuss too minutely the meaning of words or to wrangle over the authenticity of traditions. A devout student of the Passion thinking aloud

about the sufferings of his Redeemer, for such, we may repeat, is the form that Father Gallwey has given to his contemplations, may be pardoned if he allows his imagination to linger fondly around the memories of the past, and if they suggest to him comparisons and coincidences which seem strained to those whose education or habits of thought are different from his own. We should like, if we had not already exceeded in the length of our quotations, to illustrate this point from the contemplation on the fourth word of our Saviour on the Cross: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Father Gallwey makes much of the idea conveyed in the word "agony" (conflict):

Mors et vita duello confluxere mirando,

and the scene presents itself to his mind as the encounter, the grappling together in their last mortal struggle of Christ Jesus, the head of the children of God, and Lucifer, the leader of all the wicked. To an indifferent reader, the development of this thought and the Scriptural allusions which it suggests may appear fanciful, but one who has always in view St. Ignatius' fundamental meditation on the Two Standards, will hardly find anything inappropriate in the author's reference to the conflict of David and Goliath or the other texts there quoted. And for a background of this last fierce struggle, Father Gallwey suggests a composition of place in these few sentences which we may quote to exemplify the picturesque bits of description to be found here and there in his pages.

After this for a time He speaks no more. There is, we read, a *time to keep silence and a time to speak*. (Eccles. iii.) During these three solemn hours from the sixth to the ninth, our Lord chooses to be silent. Twilight has settled down dark and heavy over Jerusalem and Golgotha. The busy mid-day is suddenly changed into the silence of night. The voices of men are hushed around the Cross. Neither guards nor the crucified malefactors are disposed to speak. They are awe-stricken. The screams of frightened birds and the lowing of terrified cattle break at times the stillness. Otherwise there is a midnight silence on the place of Calvary. (vol. iii. p. 107.)

It would be a great mistake to infer from anything said above that Father Gallwey has thrown Biblical scholarship and archæology to the winds, and that his book might have been written just as well a century ago. Very far from this, he has taken all available means to make his description of localities accurate, and in his treatment of harmonistic and historical

questions, he nearly always makes it clear that he has acquainted himself with the opinions of approved modern authorities. The small print notes on such subjects which interrupt the text at frequent intervals are indeed invaluable, only it is obvious that the writer has considered that these matters should everywhere be kept in due subordination to the devotional purpose he has in view. With the same intelligent adaptation of means to end, the author has supplied an admirable Plan, by Mr. H. W. Brewer, whose skill in such matters is well known, representing Jerusalem as in the time of our Saviour. It affords the most convenient and most readily intelligible guide we know to the relative positions of Calvary, the Prætorium, and the rest of the holy places in the vicinity. There is also a map of Palestine, an excellent bird's-eye view of Gethsemani and the Mount of Olives, and three very beautiful frontispieces which are truly aids to devotion. Father Gallwey expresses his gratitude in the Preface to a few generous benefactors who by their alms contributed to the expenses of publishing, "and thus kept down the price of these volumes which otherwise, on account of the illustrations added and the extensive corrections necessary, must have been considerably higher."

Our object in this article has not been to criticize. There are many points of Biblical interpretation, &c, on which we might be tempted to hold a different opinion from the author, but, as far as we know, he does not advance any view for which good authority cannot be cited, and no good end could be served by discussing the matter here. We have only wished to lay before our readers an intelligible account of this really great book, and we trust that what has been said, and the extracts we have given, will be sufficient to show its value. There is no class of the faithful to whom it will not be welcome. For the priest it offers a rich storehouse of material in a form serviceable for the pulpit. By Religious it will be appreciated as the work of one who has studied with rare devotedness and insight the sublimest lessons of the Crucified. And pious souls of every class will come by its means to understand better the mysteries of our Redemption, and will feel their hearts kindled with a more ardent love of Him who suffered for us all.

H. T.

## *Mr. Froude's Oxford Lectures.*<sup>1</sup>

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[Printed as originally written before Mr. Froude's death.]

*Le style, c'est l'homme*, and Mr. Froude has again come before the world with his racy and nervous English, his brilliant paradoxes and crisp conclusions; in a word, with so much of his old art that we should have known him under any disguise. His lectures on Erasmus, we may fairly prophesy, will neither add to nor diminish his reputation; they leave him what he was, a master of style, a romancer of history, and a bitter enemy of the Church.

If life, at any period of history, could be truthfully "rounded in an epigram," there would be much to admire in the volume now before us; but of the sixteenth century it is even more true than of any other, that "saying all, we leave a world unsaid." When we had expatiated *ad nauseam*, on the follies, the ignorance, the corruption of the Christian world as it was then constituted, we should have a great deal to add about the leaven of holiness and learning which was silently affecting the whole state of the Church and of society, while the shrieks and denunciations of would-be reformers were powerless to effect a cure. We could tell how, while Luther and his satellites were creating a ruthless schism, St. Ignatius was forming the Society that was to do so much for the restoration of the Church; how the gentle St. Philip, at the heart of Christendom, was transforming all things into righteousness by the winning grace of his sanctity; and how the great St. Teresa was showing what could be done to reanimate the Religious Orders with their first fervour.

But few would care to listen to the second story; where there is so much cockle, it is tiresome to separate the wheat, and Mr. Froude anticipates the Day of Judgment, gathers the whole into bundles, good grain and bad, indiscriminately, and calls it

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters of Erasmus*. Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893-94. By J. A. Froude, Regius Professor of Modern History. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

all weeds. It is an easy process, and one that lends itself admirably to his incisive style, which would be far less striking if it were carefully weeded of all exaggeration, to say nothing of positive misstatements and inaccurate translations. He says that he has striven to look at the most exciting period of modern history through the eyes of Erasmus; and on the last page of his book, he advises his readers to do the same. But a careful study of these lectures show that he has done this very partially. Where the opinions of Erasmus differ inconveniently from his own, he has omitted to look at all; in some instances, where Erasmus saw white, Mr. Froude sees black; but where Erasmus sees black, Mr. Froude rejoices indecently. Now the times in which Erasmus lived were admittedly bad times. There was an unusual amount of cockle among the wheat, and it excited the indignation of the great scholar who cared for naught, save that learning should triumph, peace reign, and that discipline should be re-established in unity. But he was a cynic, and a cynic's eyes are not the best through which to see things. The monks offended him, and he poured out upon them, not the vials of his wrath, but the sharp vinegar of his sarcasms. His favourite oft-recurring themes, the ignorance, immorality, and greed to be found in monasteries, the quarrelsomeness and worldliness of the friars, would lead the unwary to suppose that there was not a religious community left where the Rule was kept and the Religious led commonly respectable lives. But even a slight acquaintance with Erasmus shows us that he is incapable of justice towards monks and friars. They loved scholasticism, the enemy which he thought himself born to slay, and there was war to the knife between him and all upholders of Scotus and Aquinas. The monks of the Charterhouse, who died the death of martyrs rather than perjure themselves, win no meed of praise from Erasmus—they were forsooth schoolmen; and the noble Friars Observants, who, when threatened with a living tomb in the River Thames for the same cause, calmly replied that the journey to Heaven was as near by water as by land, are nothing to him, for did they not learn their theology of Duns Scotus? Even Mr. Froude's greatest hero, Henry VIII., at one time begged the Pope's favour for the Observants, saying that he could not sufficiently express his admiration for their strict adherence to poverty, their sincerity, their charity, their devotion; that no Order battled more assiduously against vice, or was more active in keeping Christ's

fold;<sup>1</sup> but they were Scotists, and Erasmus could not admire them. Moreover, he cannot forgive the fact that he was forced into a monastery by his guardians, at the age of seventeen, and that the life there was distasteful to him, in spite of the rich collection of books which had at first compensated him for other things. From his own showing it appears that the monks of this house, the Canons Regular of St. Augustine at Emmaus, near Stein in Holland, led a good life, but he makes no honourable exception of them when he denounces other houses. He complains of all monks that they are gluttons and wine-bibbers, utterly careless of their Rule; yet his plea for returning to the world after taking his vows is that his health would not stand the fasts and the vigils, the long prayers and the fish diet, things which ill accord with a reputation for laxity. In a letter to his former Prior, he says: "I left my profession, not because I had any fault to find with it, but because I would not be a scandal to the Order." And again: "My constitution was too weak to bear your Rule."<sup>2</sup> These are either empty phrases, or they mean that the life was a strict one.

Mr. Froude tells us nothing that we did not know before about the scandals of the Papal Court, the decay of discipline, the abuses which were rife in every country of Europe; but we must confess that he is Zolaesque in his partiality for bad smells. It is apparent from beginning to end of the lectures, that he intends to vilify, to throw mud, to make what was worst stand for what was best, and he betrays much relish in doing so. Sometimes he discovers things which do not exist in reality. Thus his remarks on the appearance of Erasmus's Latin translations of the New Testament, are worthy of an Exeter Hall orator or a speaker at a Salvation Army meeting.

Writing of the year 1516, Professor Froude says:

Through all these struggling years, he (Erasmus) had been patiently labouring at his New Testament, and he was now to blaze before Europe as a new star. I must say a few words on what the appearance of that book meant. The Christian religion as taught and practised in Western Europe, consisted of the Mass and the confessional, of elaborate ceremonials, rituals, processions, pilgrimages, prayers to the Virgin and the saints, with dispensations and indulgences for laws broken. Of the Gospels and Epistles, so much only was known to the

<sup>1</sup> Henry VIII. to Leo X. Add. MS. 15,387, f. 17, BM. Printed by Ellis, 3, s. 1, 165.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 24, 162.

laity as was read in the Church services, and that intoned, as if to be purposely unintelligible to the understanding. Of the rest of the Bible nothing was known at all, because nothing was supposed to be necessary, and lectures like Colet's at Oxford were considered superfluous and dangerous. Copies of the Scriptures were rare, shut up in convent libraries, and studied only by professional theologians, while conventional interpretations were attached to the text which corrupted or distorted its meaning. Erasmus had undertaken to give the Book to the whole world to read for itself—the original Greek of the Epistles and Gospels with a new Latin translation—to wake up the intelligence, to show that the words had had a real sense and were not sounds like the dronings of a barrel-organ.

It was finished at last, text and translation printed, and the living facts of Christianity, the persons of Christ and the Apostles, their history, their lives, their teaching, were revealed to an astonished world. For the first time, the laity were able to see, side by side, the Christianity which converted the world and the Christianity of the Church, with a Borgia Pope, Cardinal princes, ecclesiastical courts, and a mythology of lies. The effect was to be a spiritual earthquake. (p. 112.)

Does Mr. Froude really think that this is history? And does he really believe that Erasmus introduced the Bible to the world?

If he had but taken the trouble to consult the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition, held in 1877,<sup>1</sup> he would have seen that, to say the least, more than seventy editions of the Bible, not counting the various separate editions of the Psalms, the Pentateuch, and the Gospels, passed through the printing-presses of Europe between the year 1450, when Gutenberg printed the first Bible, and the year 1516, when Erasmus published his New Testament.

These do not, of course, pretend to represent all the editions issued during that time, but are merely those of which specimens are contained in the public and private collections of this country.

The following is an abbreviated descriptive list of these Bibles, lent to the Caxton Exhibition, all of which were printed during the sixty-five years which intervened between the setting-up of the first press, and the appearance of Erasmus's

<sup>1</sup> *The Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition, 1877*, or a bibliographical description of nearly one thousand representative Bibles in various languages, chronologically arranged, from the first Bible printed by Gutenberg in 1450–56, to the last Bible printed at the Oxford University Press, the 30th June, 1877, &c. By Henry Stevens, G.M.B., F.S.A., M.A., &c. London and New York, 1878.



translation of the New Testament. The only exception we have made with regard to the date, is the polyglot translation of Cardinal Ximenes, not printed till between the years 1514—17, nor published till 1520, but begun long before Erasmus set to work. It took the whole of fifteen busy years to edit, whereas we see by the twenty-sixth letter of Erasmus that his was finished in five months, including his own work and that of his printer, Froben.

*The first Latin Bible*, or book of any kind, printed with moveable metal type. It was formerly styled incorrectly the "Mazarine Bible," but is now known as the "Gutenberg Bible." Printed in 1450—55 (?). Folio.

*The second Latin Bible* was printed at Bamberg by Albert Pfister in 1460, or earlier. There is another copy in Paris.

*The third Latin Bible* was published at Strasburg by Jo. Mentelin in 1460 or 1461. Another copy is in Freiburg in Breisgau.

*The fourth Latin Bible* is a magnificent production, printed on pure vellum and richly illuminated throughout. It is the first edition of the Bible bearing the name of printer and the place of publication. Date 1462. All these four specimens were lent by Earl Spencer.

*Another edition, the fourth Latin Bible*, printed on pure vellum. Date 1462. Lent by Lord Jersey.

*Another copy of the same edition*, printed on paper. Lent by H. Stevens, Esq.

*The first German Bible*, printed at Strasburg in 1466. A magnificent copy, richly illuminated in gold and colours. Lent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

*The second German Bible*, printed at Strasburg in 1466.

*A Latin Bible*, the first edition of the Latin Bible printed at Strasburg by Eggestein; 1468 (?).

*A Latin Bible*, sometimes attributed to Bœmler of Augsburg, but thought by Sotheby, in his *Typography of the Fifteenth Century*, to be undoubtedly Eggestein's. Date 1469.

*A Latin Bible*, printed by Ulric Zell. Cologne, 1470 (?).

*Another edition of the same.* 1470 (?).

*An Italian Bible*, printed by N. Jenson, Venice, 1471. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, edited by T. Andreas. Two vols., folio, Rome, 1471. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, printed at Mentz, 1472. Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*The fourth German Bible*, Nuremberg, 1470—73. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*The fifth German Bible*, Augsburg, 1473—75.

*A Latin Bible*, edited by Berthold Rodt and Bernard Richel, 1473 (?).

*A Latin Bible*, edited by Berthold Rodt (?), Basle, 1474. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*A Latin Bible*, in Gothic letters, edited by B. Richel, Basle, 1474.

*The sixth German Bible*, Augsburg, 1475 (?).

*Another edition of the same*, 1475 (?). Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, Nuremberg, 1475. *Ibid.*

*A Latin Bible*, edited by Coburger, Nuremberg, 1475.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1475.

*A Latin Bible*, with Interpretations. Two vols., folio, 1475.

*A Latin Bible*, said to be the first book printed at Placentia, and the first Bible published in quarto, 1475. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, Strasburg, 1475 (?).

*A Latin Bible*, Naples, 1476. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1476, folio. *Ibid.*

*A Latin Bible*, the first Bible printed in Paris, 1476. *Ibid.*

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1476. The first Bible bearing printer's signature.

*The Aurea Biblia*, or Golden Bible, 1476.

*The seventh German Bible*, Augsburg, 1477. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*An Italian Bible*, with the History of the Septuagint, Venice, 1477. Folio.

*A Latin Bible*, Nuremberg, 1476.

*A Latin Bible*, Nuremberg, 1477. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*A New Testament* (French), 1477 (?).

*An Old Testament* (Dutch), the first Old Testament printed in the Dutch language. Delf, 1477. The Psalms were omitted in the first edition, and added three years later. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1478.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1478.

*A Latin Bible*, Nuremberg, 1478. Coburger's third Latin edition.

*A Latin Bible*, Coburger's fourth Latin edition, 1478. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*A New Testament*, in Latin, 1478. Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*A Latin Bible*, "supposed to be the first of the edition distinguished by the appellation, 'Fontibus ex Græcis,' in which case it is of the date 1479, or still earlier." Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*A Latin Bible*, with Canons and Interpretations. Coburger's fifth.

*A Latin Bible*. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1479. Lent by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

*The eighth German Bible*, Augsburg, 1480. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*The first Low German Bible*, Cologne, 1480 (?) *Ibid.*

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1480. Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*A Latin Bible*, Nuremberg, 1480. Coburger's sixth Latin edition.

*Ibid.*

How far within the mark this estimate is may be judged from the fact that Mr. W. A. Copinger, now President of the Bibliographical Society, in his *Incunabula Biblica*, or list of Latin Bibles printed before the year 1500, enumerates 124 different editions. Deducting thirteen which he regards as doubtful, we may pronounce for the certain existence of more than 100 such editions in the first fifty years of the existence of the printing-press. And this estimate takes no account of some twenty-five editions of the Bible in the vernacular—German, Italian, Dutch, French, Bohemian, &c., published during the same period.

*A Latin Bible*, according to the Vulgate translation. Four vols., Venice, 1480. Lent by the Sion College Library.

*A Latin Bible*, 1481. Lent by H. J. Atkinson, Esq.

*A Latin Bible*, Nuremberg, 1481. Lent by M. Ridgway, Esq.

*A Latin Bible*, one of the "Fontibus ex Græcis," 1481.

*An English Bible*, William Caxton's first edition, 1484. "It contains a translation into English of nearly the whole of the Pentateuch, and a great part of the Gospels, and hence must have been read extensively by the people or to the people, long before the Reformation or the days of Tyndall and Coverdale. Historians of the English Bible appear to have overlooked the numerous editions of this work. It was no doubt read in churches. . . . Contains in almost literal translation a great portion of the Bible. This may take precedence of the Genevan version, in being called the "Breeches Bible," as that was not published till 1560." Lent by Dr. Gott.

*The ninth German Bible*, with many woodcuts, Nuremberg, 1483.

*Another copy*, very fine.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1483, with Interpretations, &c.

*A French Bible*, edited by Guyard de Moulins, 1487. Lent by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

*An Italian Bible*, Venice, 1487.

*A Latin Bible*, Venice, 1487. Quarto.

*The first Bohemian Bible*, 1488. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*The first Hebrew Bible*, 1488. The whole had previously been printed in portions, beginning in 1482. Lent by Dr. Ginsburg.

*The twelfth German Bible*, with woodcuts, 1490. Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*The Bible Picture Book*, in Dutch. Zwolle, 1490.

*The second Low German Bible*, large woodcuts, 1491. Lent by Earl Spencer.

*A Latin Bible*, Basle, 1491.

*A Latin Bible*, said to be the first printed in octavo, and hence called the first edition of the "Poor Man's Bible." It is also the first

or one of the first books printed by Froben (Erasmus's printer), 1491  
Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*A Latin Bible*, "Tu es Petrus" in the title. Venice, 1492.

*Another copy.* Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*A Latin Bible*, 1495. Lent by the Library of Sion College.

*A Latin Bible*, 1495. Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*A Latin Bible*, 1495. Lent by H. White, Esq.

*A Latin Bible*, 1497. Lent by the Bodleian Library.

*A Latin Bible*, in six parts, printed by Langendorff and Froben.  
Basle, 1498.

*A Latin Bible*, Brixen, 1501.

*A Latin Bible*, Paris, 1510. Six vols, 16mo.

*A Latin Bible*, 1512. Folio.

*A Latin Bible*, Louvain, 1514.

*The first Polyglot Bible*, edited by Cardinal Ximenes, and printed at  
Alcala, in six large folio volumes, between the years 1514—17, though  
not published till 1520. Only 600 copies of this magnificent work  
were issued.

We have given this long list, at the risk of seeming tedious, in order to show how largely Mr. Froude draws upon his imagination, when he talks of "a spiritual earthquake" being the effect produced by Erasmus's translation of the New Testament. Far be it from us to underrate the value of this important work, the chief value of which consisted in its being a new translation from the Greek text, which Erasmus published together with his Latin version. Although he did not in any sense *reveal* "the persons of Christ and the Apostles, their history, their lives, their teaching," "to an astonished world," which had, in fact, been in possession of the gift long before his time, he did render a great service to the learned by an improved Latinity, and by ventilating questions of high import, which had to a certain extent been supplanted by the debased scholasticism of the age. The book, which was dedicated to Pope Leo X., was accepted and approved by him. And here we would point out another error into which Mr. Froude falls when he says<sup>1</sup> that "Ignatius Loyola once looked into Erasmus's New Testament, read a little, and could not go on. He said it checked his devotional emotions." "Very likely it did," adds the learned Professor, with dry humour, and conveys the dishonest impression that St. Ignatius found the Scriptures distasteful to him. But the story is told by the Saint's biographers, Maffei and Ribadeneira, *not* of the Erasmian New

<sup>1</sup> P. 115.

Testament, but of the *Enchiridion militis christiani*, or Manual of a Christian Soldier, a book which contains beautiful passages of great piety, side by side with ungenerous attacks on popular devotions, with which Erasmus had no sympathy. It was the reading of these cavilling remarks which St. Ignatius, in common with a very different character, the Abbé de Saint Cyran, declared cooled his piety.<sup>1</sup> It is thus that history is perverted and lies are disseminated.

But so far was Erasmus from wishing to innovate, in the matter of Biblical interpretation, that he repeatedly expressed himself careful to abide by the teaching of the Church. Writing to Bilibaldus, in 1527, he says: "People should not marvel that I hold to the interpretation of the Church, in explaining the Holy Scriptures, for it is her authority that makes me accept those same Scriptures, and which induces me to believe them."

With regard to another statement of Mr. Froude's in the passage already quoted, we may observe that he seems to be unaware that what he describes as having been the religion of Western Europe in the time of Erasmus, is the religion of all Catholic countries all over the world at the present day. It consists, at least as far as outward acts are concerned, "of the Mass, and the confessional, of elaborate ceremonials, rituals, processions, pilgrimages, prayers to the Virgin and the saints," and of some other things, of which, did Mr. Froude but know their names, he would probably speak as glibly; but it is not quite clear what he means by "dispensations and indulgences for laws broken or duties left undone," and we suspect that he would find it difficult to explain. The description he gives of Indulgences<sup>2</sup> is not such as to throw light on the ignorance commonly displayed by Protestants on this subject.

We certainly can "hardly realize what the effect must have been when the Gospel was brought out fresh and visible before the astonished eyes of mankind,"<sup>3</sup> because there never has been a time when Christian nations were left uninstructed in the great truths of Christianity. Long before the age of printing, the people were taught by word of mouth. When the missionaries had evangelized the pagan tribes of Europe, and they had settled down to a degree of political and social order, the Church no longer sent forth her priests as wanderers to preach to nomadic peoples, but local centres were formed in the

<sup>1</sup> Butler, *Life of Erasmus*, p. 147.

<sup>2</sup> P. 191.

<sup>3</sup> P. 120.

shape of dioceses, each Bishop providing for the adequate religious instruction of his flock.

Thus we may quote as an example Archbishop Peckham's celebrated Constitutions of the Synod of Oxford, drawn up in 1281, and constantly referred to in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as the foundation of the existing practices in the English Church. These constitutions provided minutely for the due instruction of the people in all that appertained to religion. Then, to mention one more example, we have a Diocesan Synod of the fourteenth century ordering, "That all rectors, vicars, or chaplains holding ecclesiastical offices, shall expound clearly and plainly to their people, on all Sundays and feast-days, the Word of God and the Catholic faith of the Apostles; and that they shall diligently instruct their subjects in the articles of faith, and teach them in their native language the Apostolic Creed, and urge them to expound and teach the same faith to their children."<sup>1</sup>

That such customs were prevalent in this country centuries before the Reformation is clear from an abundance of testimony within reach of every student. Chaucer's characters, in the *Canterbury Tales*, were typical, and he would not have chosen such a man as he describes his "poure parson" to be, if he had been a *rara avis* in his day:

A good man was ther of religioun,  
And was a poure parson of a town;  
But rich he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
That Christe's Gospel trewely wolde preche,  
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.  
But Christe's love and His Apostles' twelve  
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

Neither was there any dearth of religious instruction in Germany, and we commend Mr. Froude to Professor Janssen's *History of the German People*, during the century which preceded the Reformation, if he has still any misconception as to "the astonished eyes of mankind," when Erasmus's Latin New Testament appeared. It does not seem to have occurred to him that none but the learned could read their native language, much less a book written in Latin.

Whether the unlearned were greatly the losers by not being able to wrangle over the Sacred Text at street-corners, and in

<sup>1</sup> Wilkins, iii. 11.

the market-places, which privilege they were to enjoy half a century later, is not for us to discuss here. Independently of religious instruction properly so called, they were familiar with the Bible narratives through the famous Mystery Plays, long before they could read. Pictures, it is well known, are invaluable in teaching children and all simple, child-like minds; and when pictures are supplemented by dialogues, the result is even more satisfactory, so that it is not too much to say that it would be well if in these so-called enlightened days the Protestant poor had as intelligent an understanding of the world's great drama as had the peasantry of Catholic Europe in pre-Reformation times.

Mr. Froude has sometimes been praised, even by those who recognize fully his failure as an historian, for the vivid manner in which he brings his characters before us. It is true that his pages are teeming with life. If he describes a scene, we seem to breathe its very atmosphere, for he has the gift of imagination in an eminent degree, and greatly in excess of the critical faculty, which is indispensable if the imagination is to be kept in order. Thus, the Erasmus about whom he has lectured to his Oxford audiences, and whom he has now presented to the world at large, assuring us that he "resembles Voltaire not a little,"<sup>1</sup> is certainly not the whole Erasmus of history.

He shows us the man of letters, with his unflagging industry and his zeal for learning undiminished by opposition, undaunted by the most acute physical pain. He shows us the courtier, who sticks at no flattery when he hopes for a pension or a handsome sum down. He shows us the scoffer, the railer, the man of gall and vinegar, the enemy of the monks and friars, and of all the follies that were committed in the name of wisdom. And above all, he shows us the vain, little, mean man, inside the great Erasmus, who cannot endure the least criticism, who buzzes about like a mosquito when some of the blame which he comes to cast on others recoils on himself, who has a certain regard for truth, but who is not prepared to suffer anything in its cause.

But there is one side of Erasmus which his biographer fails altogether to comprehend, because he does not rightly understand his attitude towards the Catholic Church. It is the side which is in touch with More and Fisher, and with his generous

<sup>1</sup> P. 26.



patron, Archbishop Warham. In common with them, Erasmus abhorred the evils which had crept into the sanctuary. He understood, as well as they did, that the Church being composed of human elements, is liable to suffer when those human elements go wrong. He can even crack a joke with More on the subject, after the fashion of the day. But for all his outspokenness about abuses, he, in common with them, knows full well that by virtue of a Divine promise the teaching of the Church shall never fail. Mr. Froude sees nothing but the fallible human elements, and knows not of the Infallible Spirit controlling all things and teaching all things, which abides for ever with the Papacy, guiding the Barque of Peter, whether Julius is a man of war, or Leo a patron of learning. Therefore his defence of Erasmus for standing by the Pope, goes entirely on wrong grounds, and such as Erasmus himself would have repudiated. He says: "As long as there was a hope that the Pope might take a reasonable course, a sensible person might still wish to make the best of him,"<sup>1</sup> and as he is altogether at sea regarding the Catholic standpoint, he is at great pains to explain why Erasmus, being repeatedly invited to join Luther, did not do so. He imagines that it was because Luther "was constructing a new Protestant theology, which might be as intolerant as the Catholic,"<sup>2</sup> and he insists, just as the monks did, that the one was as much an heretic as the other. "Together," he declares,<sup>3</sup> "these two men made accessible the rock, stronger than the rock of Peter, on which the faith of mankind was to be rebuilt," and in spite of all that Erasmus can say to show that he stands by the Pope, Mr. Froude still harps on his one tune: "Less than ever could Erasmus tell how to act."

Nothing is more false than this assertion: the words of Erasmus were often imprudent and acrimonious, making the Lutherans think that he was on their side, but in act he was always perfectly consistent and never irresolute. Dissatisfied as he was with many things, he never doubted that the unity of the Church was of greater importance than her freedom from trouble. Discipline was infinitely desirable, but unity there must be. How little sympathy he had for Luther and his works, is clear from the following letter which he wrote to the Bishop of Tuy, in Galicia, March 25, 1520:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 256.<sup>2</sup> P. 276.<sup>3</sup> P. 278. The monks said that Luther was Antichrist and Erasmus his precursor.<sup>4</sup> Pp. 237, seq.

You caution me against entangling myself with Luther. I have taken your advice and have done my utmost to keep things quiet. Luther's party have urged me to join him, and Luther's enemies have done their best to drive me to it by their furious attacks on me in their sermons. Neither have succeeded. Christ I know; Luther I know not. The Roman Church I know, and death will not part me from it, till the Church departs from Christ. I abhor sedition. Would that Luther and the Germans abhorred it equally. It is strange to see how the two factions goad each other on, as if they were in collusion. Luther has hurt himself more than he has hurt his opponents by his last effusions, while the attacks on him are so absurd that many think the Pope wrong in spite of themselves. I approve those who stand by the Pope, but I could wish them to be wiser than they are. They would devour Luther off-hand. They may eat him boiled or roast for aught I care, but they mistake in linking him and me together, and they can finish him more easily without me than with me.<sup>1</sup> I am surprised at Aleander; we were once friends. He was instructed to conciliate when he was sent over, the Pope not wishing to push matters to extremity. He would have done better to act with me. He would have found me with him and not against him on the Pope's prerogative. They pretend that Luther has borrowed from me. No lie can be more impudent. He may have borrowed from me as heretics borrow from Evangelists and Apostles, but not a syllable else. I beseech you, protect me from such calumnies. Let my letters be examined. I may have written unguardedly, but that is all. Inquire into my conversation. You will find that I have said nothing, except that Luther ought to be answered and not crushed. Even now, I would prefer that things should be quietly considered and not embittered by platform railing. I would leave the Church purified of evil, lest the good in it suffer by connection with what is indefensible; but in avoiding the Scylla of Luther, I would have us also avoid Charybdis. If this be sin, then I own my guilt. I have sought to save the dignity of the Roman Pontiff, the honour of Catholic theology, and the welfare of Christendom. I have not defended Luther, even in jest. In common with all reasonable men, I have blamed the noisy bellowing of persons whom I will not name, whose real object is to prevent the spread of knowledge, and to recover their own influence. Their numbers are not great, but their power is enormous.

But be assured of this, if any movement is in progress injurious to the Christian religion or dangerous to the public peace, or to the Supremacy of the Holy See, it does not proceed from Erasmus. Time will show it. I have not deviated, in what I have written, one hair's breadth from the Church's teaching. We must bear almost anything, rather than throw the world into confusion. There are seasons when we must even conceal the truth. The actual facts of things are not to be blurred out, at all times and places and in all companies. But every

<sup>1</sup> The Papal Legate.

wise man knows that doctrines and usages have been introduced into the Church which have no sanction, partly by custom, partly through obsequious canonists, partly by scholastic definitions, partly by the tricks and arts of secular Sovereigns. Such excrescences must be removed, though the medicine must be administered cautiously, lest it make the disorder worse and the patient die. Plato says that men in general cannot appreciate reasoning, and may be deceived for their good. I know not whether this be right or wrong. For myself, I prefer to be silent and introduce no novelties into religion. Many great persons have entreated me to support Luther. I have answered always that I will support him when he is on the Catholic side. They have asked me to draw up a formula of faith. I reply that I know of none save the Creed of the Catholic Church, and I advise every one who consults me to submit to the Pope. I was the first to oppose the publication of Luther's books. I recommend Luther himself to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more, had I not been afraid that I might be fighting against the Spirit of God. I caution every one against reading libellous or anonymous books, meant only to irritate; but I can advise only. I cannot compel. The world is full of poetasters and orators, and printing-presses are at work everywhere. I cannot stop them, and their extravagances ought not to be charged to me. I do not mean Ulrich von Hutten in particular, though I am sorry for him too, that with such a genius he makes no better use of his gifts. He is himself his worst enemy.

At the end of another letter, addressed to a friend at Rome, he says: "The Holy See needs no support from such a worm as I am, but I shall declare that I mean to stand by it."

And again, in the same year, he writes to Campegio:

The corruptions of the Roman Court may require reform, extensive and immediate, but I and the like of me are not called on to take a work like that upon ourselves. I would rather see things left as they are than see a revolution, which may lead to, one knows not what. Others may be martyrs if they like. I aspire to no such honour. Some hate me for being a Lutheran; some for not being a Lutheran. You may assure yourself that Erasmus has been and always will be a faithful subject of the Roman See. But I think, and many think with me, that there would be a better chance of a settlement if there was less ferocity. (p. 253.)

Nothing could be more clear from these passages than the *principle* on which Erasmus thought and acted. It is not with him, as Mr. Froude would have us imagine, a mere question of making the best of the Pope, hoping against hope that His Holiness might be at last induced to take a reasonable course. It is not the person of the Pope, but the Papacy that Erasmus

believes in, not Leo merely, but the Apostle in him, although he has a distinct admiration for the great patron of art and letters then occupying Peter's Chair.

Leo's successor, Adrian VI., was a reformer, and he did many things which Erasmus had longed to see done; but personally Erasmus did not like him half as well as he had liked Leo, although they were fellow-countrymen, and had been school companions at Deventer. It made no difference in his attitude towards the Holy See; the man was nothing, the office everything. His quarrel was not with the Church nor with any institution. Together with all learned men, he deplored the decay of learning, and together with all who truly loved the Church, he deplored the scandals which marred her fair face, and his quarrel was with those whom he held responsible for these disfigurements. Had he lived fifty years earlier, when these things were openly spoken of without risk of misunderstanding, no one would have dreamt of confounding his work with Luther's. Had he lived fifty years later, he would himself have been more cautious in his choice of language.

As time went on, he regretted some things that he had said. "True," he writes to Peter Barbirius, "my tongue runs away with me. I jest too much, and measure others by myself." On the other hand, he found that he had not said enough, and to Warham he writes: "The condition of things is extremely dangerous. I have to steer my own course so as not to desert the truth of Christ through fear of man, and to avoid unnecessary risks. Luther has been sent into the world by the genius of discord. Every corner of it has been disturbed by him. All admit that the corruptions of the Church required a drastic medicine. But drugs wrongly given make the sick man worse. . . . I suppose I must write something about him. I will read his books, and see what can be done."<sup>1</sup>

To the Dean, Chancellor, and theologians of Mons, he writes:<sup>2</sup> "I am at peace with the Pope, with the Emperor, with Ferdinand, with the Cardinals, with Kings, with orthodox Bishops; but I cannot be at peace with Ecmund and Vincent,<sup>3</sup> and I have an irreconcilable war with all Lutherans. I cannot love heresy and schism; I cannot hate sound literature."

Then the schism growing sharper and wilder, he writes in 1524: "Luther is a hundred times a worse heretic than Arius or Origen."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 268.<sup>2</sup> Er. Epis. col. 865.<sup>3</sup> Two monks.<sup>4</sup> Er. Epis. col. 1071.

It would be impossible, short of writing a volume as large as Mr. Froude's own, to point out all his errors, false statements, and misconceptions. We will confine ourselves to two more of the most flagrant kind. The first regards the central devotion of the Catholic Church, the other, the good faith and veracity of one whom all true Englishmen delight to honour.

Mr. Froude says,<sup>1</sup> writing of Erasmus's sojourn in England :

The controversy on the Eucharist had not yet risen into contradictory definitions ; but doubt on the great mystery was in the air, and the friends (More and Erasmus) had argued about it. More believed in the Real Presence ; Erasmus believed in it too, *though with latent misgivings. But More without knowing it, had blundered into the Lutheran heresy, and had held that the change in the elements depended on the faith of the recipients.* More had lent Erasmus a horse, which for some cause was not returned when expected. Instead, was sent a letter with these lines :

Quod mihi dixisti  
De corpore Christi  
Crede quod edas et edis ;  
Sic tibi rescribo  
De tuo palfrido,  
Crede quod habeas et habes.

We should have been obliged to Mr. Froude, if he would have given us his reasons or his authority for stating that Erasmus had latent misgivings on the subject of the Real Presence. We have failed to discover in any of his writings the slightest trace of any such misgivings. All that he does write about the Blessed Sacrament points in an unmistakeable manner to his complete, earnest, and unswerving belief.

In 1526, he writes :<sup>2</sup> " I am willing to be counted the chief of all heretics, if in my many writings, one single passage can be found, which treats of the Eucharist otherwise than the Catholic Church has prescribed to us, on the authority of the Divine Scriptures."

His enemies had accused him of the same want of faith, and in a solemn protest to the Helvetian nation, he affirmed in the most positive manner, that he did believe in the Holy Eucharist, and not from fear of man, but for the sake of conscience and religious principle. Another letter declares in emphatic terms that he would sooner be cut to pieces than not believe the reality of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

<sup>1</sup> P. 103.

<sup>2</sup> Er. Epis. col. 865.

Nor was this faith a mere matter of private judgment. "What weight," he declares, "the authority of the Church may have with others, I know not; but with me, it weighs so much that I could be of the opinion of the Arians and Pelagians, if the Church had approved their doctrines."<sup>1</sup>

And if Erasmus is thus, we might almost say, exaggeratedly orthodox, what shall be said of Mr. Froude's imputation of heresy against Sir Thomas More?

He had not only from his boyhood upwards cherished the most tender and fervent devotion to our Lord's Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, a devotion incompatible with such an ambiguous presence as may be best described as "real absence;" but as Chancellor, it was his business to punish dogmatizing heretics who would have spread notions foreign to the teaching of the Church on this crucial point. Even Mr. Froude himself, in his present, as well as in a former work,<sup>2</sup> accuses More of rigour in carrying out this duty. Does he think that the Chancellor was likely to punish people for opinions with which he himself sympathized?

There is nothing extraordinary in the supposition that More and Erasmus may have discussed the new doctrines touching Transubstantiation, which were then going about the world. Doubt, it is true, was in the air, but was it necessary that More should have fallen into a heresy because he told his friend that such a heresy existed? Is a man necessarily infected with the small-pox, because he mentions an epidemic of the disease that is raging in Germany?

The verses above quoted have an Erasmian flavour, but the deduction drawn from them in this volume is, every honest person must allow, entirely Froudian.

The last misstatement for which we have space is amusingly characteristic of Froude's method. After a vivid description of the prevailing evils to which we have already alluded, and the existence of which the learned Professor appears greatly to enjoy, if we may judge by the zest with which he repeatedly returns to the subject in the course of these lectures, picking out all that Erasmus wrote in his most sarcastic moments, he makes this startling assertion: <sup>3</sup>

Cardinal Newman said that Protestant tradition on the state of the Church before the Reformation, is built on wholesale unscrupulous lying. Erasmus was as true to the Holy See as Cardinal Newman

<sup>1</sup> *Er. Epis.* col. 905.

<sup>2</sup> *History of England*, ii. 74.

<sup>3</sup> *P.* 338.

himself. I do not know whether he is included among these unscrupulous liars. It is an easy way to get rid of an unpleasant witness.

Of course, we knew quite well that Cardinal Newman never said anything of the kind, but it is a much quicker process to declare that a thing has been said, than to prove that it has not. Moreover, as it is a part of Mr. Froude's method in garbling facts, to give no references, we have had some little difficulty in tracing this myth to its source. Cardinal Newman was a fairly voluminous author, and it has been necessary to hunt over all his writings in pursuit of it. The courtesy of one of the Oratorian Fathers, has at length enabled us to give the exact words.

The last sentence of a lecture *On the Present Position of Catholics in England*,<sup>1</sup> runs as follows: "It is by wholesale, retail, systematic, unscrupulous lying, for I can use no gentler term, that the many rivulets are made to flow for the feeding of the great Protestant tradition."

A glance at the context is sufficient to show that this has nothing whatever to do with the state of the pre-Reformation Church. Cardinal Newman is writing exclusively of the present Protestant view of the present Catholic Church.

On the last page of his book, Mr. Froude complains that the history of the times in which Erasmus lived is a "story disfigured by passions and prejudice." How far he is himself responsible for the disfigurement, these present lectures show. Thinking people will not stop at his bare assertions; but alas, great is the number of the gullible! Every sensational theory is greedily swallowed by the multitude, and names are famous in these latter days, in proportion to the audacity of those who bear them.

Many years ago, when Mr. Froude was appointed Professor of History at St. Andrew's, the following lines were widely circulated:

We hear that Froude informs the Scottish youth,  
Divines have not the least regard for truth;  
And in the self-same day, great Kingsley cries:  
History is nothing but a pack of lies.  
How shall we statements so diverse combine?  
Perhaps we thus may solve the mystery,  
That Froude may think that Kingsley's a divine,  
And Kingsley go to Froude for history.

J. M. STONE.

<sup>1</sup> Lecture iii.



## *Rus in Urbe.*

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### 2.—RATS AND MICE.

ONE class of animals the dwellers in towns have full opportunity of studying in their wild condition. In the somewhat scanty list of our indigenous beasts, none more truly deserve to be described as *feræ naturæ* than those which have most inseparably attached themselves to our company, and not only are the four-footed pests named at the head of this paper most indubitably wild animals, but they become wilder in proportion as they enter within our sphere of influence, and there are no more genuine irreconcilables among our native *fauna* than those that dwell beneath our roofs and flourish most within the precincts of our cities. Birds, as we see every day, in the atmosphere of London forget their shy, retiring habits, but creatures which have no wings and have to live in such a situation wholly by their wits, must increase in wariness.

So effectually is this done, that to many, the details even of their structure and appearance are not fully recognized till they have an opportunity of observing them at leisure as specimens in a museum. If they take the opportunity of doing so at South Kensington, such persons will discover another thing, of which in all probability they had no suspicion—that the animal kingdom, even in what seems to be its most familiar departments, is full of complexity, and branches off into divisions of which perhaps they never heard.

It is probably supposed by many that, when we speak of rats and mice, we exhaustively describe the class of creatures which we have in view, to the larger sort of which belongs the first name, and to the smaller the second, and that besides these two there are none which could possibly be confounded with them. But if we visit the Natural History Museum, we shall find that—neglecting rare and more or less casual members of the group—our nomenclature covers at least eleven totally distinct kinds of animals, which moreover differ as widely in their real nature as they seem to resemble one another in

outward appearance; that but five of them have a strict title to the name we give them, while the rest should more properly be styled voles or shrews or squirrels, while there is all the difference in the world between their habits.

This we shall find well illustrated in the British room, at the back of the large central hall by which we enter, where are good specimens of them all, though it will be observed that beasts, especially very small ones, are more difficult to preserve in a satisfactory condition than birds. There is a still larger collection of quadrupeds in the Mammalian Gallery, running on the first floor above that of birds, spoken of in our last paper, which lies on the left of the main door as we enter.

The genus *mus*, to which the true rats and mice belong, is included in the class of rodents, or gnawing animals, with chisel-like front teeth, adapted for cutting purposes. The larger species of this genus are known as rats, and of these we are the happy possessors of two, the old English black rat, as it is called, and the brown or Hanoverian, sometimes also styled the Norway rat. The former is named, in scientific language, *mus rattus*, the latter, *mus decumanus*.

Of smaller "mice," we have three kinds: the common mouse (*mus musculus*), the field mouse (or, for distinction sake, the "long-tailed field mouse"—*mus sylvaticus*), and the tiny harvest mouse (*mus minutus*).

Next come the voles (genus *arvicola*), which also boast a rat among them—the water-rat (*arvicola amphibius*), and a so-called field mouse, more correctly the field vole (*arvicola agrestis*), commonly known as the "short-tailed field mouse." A third member of the family is the bank vole (*arvicola glareolus*). These voles likewise belong to the class of rodents, but in many particulars differ so much from the true mice as to have been by some naturalists associated with the beavers.

Of what may be styled squirrel-mice we have only one specimen, the pretty little dormouse (*myoxus avellanarius*), which is stamped, not only by its climbing habits, but by its presentable and gentlemanly appearance, as belonging to a class distinctly higher in the social scale than those with whom it is commonly associated.

Passing to the shrews (genus *sorex*), we find ourselves in a totally new region. Though generally known as "shrew mice," they have no connection with the mouse family. They are not

rodents, but "insectivora," with long, pliable snouts, with which they seek amongst leaves and herbage for the insects, worms, and small snails, which constitute their food, and they are more akin to the mole and the hedgehog than to the other species hitherto described. We have two of these animals, the shrew mouse (*sorex vulgaris*) and the water shrew (*sorex fodiens*).

Of the creatures thus enumerated, the most conspicuous is undoubtedly the rat, who in spite of his wary habits never allows us to forget him. As to the history of his connection with us there is, however, a good deal of doubt. We can find no satisfactory evidence that rats of any kind were known to the ancients, who certainly have left us no account of them, nor even a name by which they may be identified. What is still more remarkable, there is no record of them in mediæval times, when we might have better expected it, and not till the middle of the sixteenth century do we find any positive evidence of their existence. Soon afterwards, however, the black rat (*mus rattus*), our first invader, was much in evidence, as we know from the unimpeachable testimony of the all-observing Shakespeare; for does not Shylock allege the example of his house being troubled with a rat, as one justifying very extreme measures to obtain relief? and did not the pretence of a rat behind the arras afford Hamlet an excuse for running his rapier through the eaves-dropping Polonius? On the same authority we learn that the older rat was as circumspect in taking counsel for its own safety as its younger rival, "the very rats instinctively had quit it," serving sufficiently to describe the unseaworthiness of a ship. The said black rat is a handsomer and altogether more presentable animal than its successor, but is said to be of most ferocious disposition, albeit some very affecting, if hardly credible, anecdotes are related of the sympathy manifested towards aged and infirm members of its community.

Nearly two centuries after the black rat, came the brown; its earliest representative, according to Mr. Waterton, having reached our shores on board the vessel which brought over our first Hanoverian King, on which account, quite as much as for its own misdeeds, it was as ruthlessly proscribed at Walton Hall as other species of vermin were carefully protected. The new-comer had travelled from afar, its native habitat seeming to be Western China, whence, impelled by what motives we know not, it poured forth its hordes like other barbarian con-

querors towards the setting sun, and finally overran the civilized world. In England, by reason of our extensive shipping, it appeared somewhat earlier than in France.

It is scientifically designated *mus decumanus*, of which latter term, derived from the Latin *decem* (ten), two explanations are given: one, that it means *large*; every tenth wave, and tenth egg laid by an hen, being once supposed to be of greater size than the rest; the other, that it signifies a tax-gatherer, or one who collects *tithes*. Of these, the second appears the more appropriate, for assuredly no animal with which we are acquainted levies upon us such a tribute. A striking instance of the extent to which its damage will proceed, is supplied by the leaden water-pipes exhibited in the centre of the British room, wherein large openings have been gnawed by rats to satisfy their thirst.

The coming of the brown rat was a calamity, not only for the human dwellers in our islands, but for its own black cousin, which it proceeded to dispossess and gradually to extirpate, so that at the present day a specimen of the older race is a curiosity. It was, however, stated some years ago that in the Isle of Thanet this not only held its own, but was actually getting the upper hand.

In spite of its many obnoxious characteristics, the brown rat is not without its claims, if not to sympathy, at least to admiration. Its intelligence is remarkable, as is not unfrequently the case with the criminal classes, and the tenacity of purpose it displays is worthy of a better cause. Of both the species above described specimens are to be found (labelled with the Latin names, which have therefore been given here) both in the central case of the British room and in the 29th of the Large Mammalian gallery.

Concerning the mice, not much need be said. As we have seen, there is a house, or town, mouse (*mus musculus*) and a country mouse (*mus sylvaticus*—the long-tailed field mouse), the latter—distinguishable by the light colour of its breast and under parts—being one of the greatest pests of the farmer, for not only does it consume great quantities of his produce, but storing up its winter supplies in galleries underground, it induces swine in their turn to root up the soil in quest of these.

The diminutive harvest-mouse is remarkable as an example of a quadruped which builds a nest in the manner of a bird, a shapely globe, about the size of a cricket-ball, which is suspended from growing stalks of corn, a thistle head, or the like. This is

so workmanlike a structure that it can be rolled about without injury, and its aperture so ingeniously concealed as to be frequently undiscoverable.<sup>1</sup>

Passing from the true mice to the voles, we have first to notice the water-rat, a far more estimable creature than those whose name he shares, but with whom he has little or nothing in common. We are speaking, be it observed, of the water-rat proper (*arvicola amphibius*), not of the brown rats which, especially near towns, adopt aquatic habits, living in burrows by the waterside, and driving away the unaggressive vole, as they do everything else which interferes with their own monopoly. The genuine water-rat appears to be a strict vegetarian, feeding on various succulent water-plants. When eating, it sits up like a squirrel, holding with its forepaws the morsel on which it is engaged. It is clothed with thick, compact fur, and its head is short and round, giving its physiognomy an appearance of rustic honesty, quite different from the cunning smartness impressed on the features of its land namesake. In case No. 29 of the Large Mammalian gallery may be seen specimens which well display the family likeness existing between this animal and the beaver. Those who have an opportunity of watching the water-rat at leisure, as is frequently possible for the fisherman, who appears to be recognized by wild creatures, frequently including his intended prey, as quite harmless, cannot fail to be struck with its truly "amphibious" habits, and the ease and grace with which it swims and dives.

The field vole, or short-tailed field mouse (*arvicola agrestis*) has recently acquired so much notoriety as to have had a Parliamentary Blue Book devoted to it. This was by reason of its exploits in the south of Scotland, where it overran a considerable district, ravaging it so effectually as to reduce the owners of land to ruin and despair. Other instances are on record of sudden and unaccountable multiplications of its numbers in particular spots, one during the last century, in the New Forest, having been described in detail by the father of observing naturalists, Gilbert White. One curious feature observed on the last occasion serves well to illustrate the checks and counter-checks whereby Nature contrives to maintain the balance of power in her own domain. The multiplication of the voles in Dumfriesshire produced a similar multiplication of the beasts, birds, and reptiles which include them among articles of

<sup>1</sup> A specimen of this nest is seen in the British room.

food, and it was noted in particular that owls of a species previously strangers to the locality, which must in fact have travelled from the Continent, made their appearance, to enjoy the abundance of good things there awaiting them,—though by what means the intelligence had been conveyed, we cannot even conjecture. In the case of a like plague of some species of “mice,” in La Plata, a few years ago, it is recorded that the owls which similarly gathered to the banquet, faring so luxuriously, improved upon their natural habits, and continued to breed all the year round; while the prolific rodents by their very fecundity effected their own extermination, for devouring all the herbage, they destroyed all cover to protect them, and fell victims wholesale to the enemies whom they had gathered together.

The dormouse (*myoxus avellanarius*), which gets its formidable Latin sobriquet from its fondness for hazel-nuts, and its English name—or rather the hybrid French and English form—from its habit of hibernating, or sleeping through the winter, is, as has been said, a graceful little creature, with little hands adapted for clambering among the bushes where it seeks its food. The best specimen is shown, not in the British room, but in case 29 of the upper gallery, seated on its haunches squirrel-wise, with a nut in its hands. We have already remarked on the attractive and elegant exterior of the dormouse, which has none of the repellent qualities of ordinary mice. Hence it is a favourite pet; but those unacquainted with its peculiarities require to be warned that its bushy tail, with a lion-like tuft at the extremity, which with its reddish brown coat serves at once to distinguish it, is a very delicate member, the exterior covering, if roughly handled, having a nasty habit of slipping off and leaving the inner portion bare and unsightly.

Though of gentle disposition, the dormouse would appear to be not devoid of character, and even sense of humour, as the following plain, unvarnished tale will show. One having, many years ago, been turned out of the hole wherein it was enjoying its winter sleep, its captor, attracted by its beauty, resolved to domesticate it, and accordingly carrying it home with him, put it in a birdcage in his own room, where for the remainder of the day it appeared quite careless of its position. In the middle of the night its would-be master was rudely awakened by a sharp and painful series of tugs at his hair, and as he dropped off again the experience was repeated. Under-

standing that the captive, having broken out of prison, must be responsible for this assault, he made a disturbance, sufficient, he fondly hoped, to frighten an army of dormice out of their wits, and then prepared to resume his interrupted slumbers. But, just as he was on the brink of forgetfulness, he was again brought to by so vigorous a wrench as to show that no half-measures would suffice, and had accordingly to rise, to strike a light, and commence a hunt for the intruder, involving the complete disorganization of his couch, for not till each separate article upon it had been systematically shaken out, did the little animal drop out of the last corner of the last blanket. Having been secured for the rest of the night under an inverted box, it was next day restored to the cage, which had been secured so, as it was thought, to be an effectual prison. The second night was, however, an exact repetition of the first. The sleeper was awakened in precisely the same manner, and had to go through the same undesirable process to capture the offender. When he had done this, having had enough of dormouse keeping, he opened his window and hurled it out to the wide world and liberty: whereupon, as soon appeared, the creature with singular readiness of resource, promptly adjourned to a neighbouring greenhouse, and ruined a promising peach crop by devouring the blossom. It will, therefore, be seen that the attempt to interfere with its domestic arrangements did not result in a remarkable success.

The shrews, though they are truly a feeble folk, and might be expected to be remarkable for nothing so much as timid gentleness, are, on the contrary, most ferocious little pigmies, and if kept in confinement will inevitably kill and even eat one another, appearing to suffer from that insatiable appetite which makes a fast of six hours so fatal in the case of their not very distant relative, the mole. The shrew mouse (*sorex vulgaris*) is abundant in all our fields, seldom though we catch a glimpse of him, pursuing his appointed task of eating insects and worms, which would otherwise eat up our crops. In turn he is eaten by owls, those most effective night-watchers, and though apparently they do not positively hanker after him as an article of food, and prefer other species of four-footed vermin when they are to be had, they do not on that account spare the shrews, which they often kill without devouring them. These animals are likewise subject to pestilences, which in the autumn of each year carry off great numbers.



There are few creatures round which have gathered so many superstitions, and this puny little beast has been credited with the most marvellously malignant powers. If, for instance, it ran over the limb of a sleeping horse or cow, the animal was supposed to be hopelessly infected, the only remedy being that supplied by the branches of a "shrew-ash," a tree inoculated with the virus which it was to counteract, by having a living shrew plugged up in a hole bored in its trunk.

More curious is the water-shrew (*sorex fodiens*) which few people seem to observe, though far from uncommon. Any one who sits quietly by a running brook for any length of time will very probably be favoured with a sight of its very remarkable evolutions. Darker in colour than other "mice," in fact, usually black, it is quite aquatic in its habits, and practises a style of swimming peculiar to itself. The water-rat, with body immersed, or nearly so, shows only his head above water, but the water-shrew, floating like a cork, with scarcely any portion beneath the surface, darts about on the top like the skating insects with which all are doubtless familiar. Sometimes it rushes on to the surface of a stone, sometimes a little way on to the bank, always rooting and feeling with its long flexible snout, in quest of food. Again it dives, its glossy coat beaded with bubbles of air, like silver lace, and hunts among the pebbles or weeds at the bottom: but all its movements are at high pressure, and it seems pursued by a feverish fear of losing a moment of its precious time. The specimens exhibited in the museum, particularly those in the British room, are as a rule of a lighter colour than those which it has been our fortune to encounter in real life.

A large field opens to us when we turn to the relations of the animals above described, inhabiting other regions of the earth, whereof specimens are to be found in the same collection. Perhaps a time may come to say something of them; at present our object is rather to show how much may be learnt, in the museum concerning those which dwell around us, and what ample opportunities are afforded to the Londoner to learn something of Nature and her works.

RURICOLA.

## *The Canadian Pacific Railway.*

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### III.

THE main offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are in Montreal, where a very imposing limestone building was raised four or five years ago to accommodate the President, the heads of the various departments, and their innumerable assistants. From Montreal the entire system is governed, and details of passenger and freight traffic are audited, by the officials there with an accuracy that reveals the perfection to which the twin branches of commerce and railway transportation have been brought.

An instance came under the writer's notice last summer which will show with what precision business is carried on, and errors corrected. At the Rossport coaling-station, on the main line, nearly a thousand miles west of Montreal, a difference of two bucketsful of coal appeared in the final reports sent to head-quarters. An elaborate correspondence between the auditor and the agent, the sole object of which was to trace this error to its source, was the outcome of the discrepancy. The writer ventured to express surprise at the ado made over so small an item.

"That's business!" was the agent's simple reply. There was no denying the fact: it is the prompt rectification of small errors that make big ones avoidable.

Notwithstanding its comparatively recent formation, the Canadian Pacific is a masterly organization. The internal management is nearly as perfect as human ingenuity and foresight can make it, and has been so from the outset. When the last spike was driven on the main line at Graichillachie, the system was already on the verge of maturity, equipped with its inflexible rules and regulations, and manned with its legion of officials and employees, every one in his place and at work, as if the road had been the slow growth of years.

It may strike the reader, a stranger, perhaps, to railway

business methods, how a system crossing the full width of the American continent with its steel, with branch lines spreading in every direction, with a traffic extending to China and Australia, can protect its own interests and control twenty or twenty-five thousand employees living and transacting the company's business thousands of miles apart. But when one gets a peep behind the scenes, he sees the marvellous effects of order and subordination; it is impossible not to admire the discipline that reigns among officials and men, and the novel, almost mechanical, contrivances that are brought into play to keep the members in continual touch with the head. Little scintillations of genius in the shape of reports to be handed in at stated times, or blank forms to be filled, or unexpected visits from auditors, have an effect quite surprising in keeping the wheelwork of this system in working order, and nipping in the bud any attempt at fraud from within or without. Men may come and men may go, but their coming or going has little effect on the inner gearing of this great organization.

What also strikes one as a secret of good management is the care taken in the selection of competent officials, and the sense of responsibility every one who enters the service of this company is made to feel he is assuming. "Looking after company's interests" is a favourite expression of subordinates; and not a few of them would leave you under the impression that a large part of transcontinental responsibility rests on their feeble shoulders.

Add to this feeling of responsibility a certain *esprit de corps* which exists among the lower grades of employees as well as the higher. Even the section navvies feel the dignity of being employed on the longest railway on earth.

"Just think of it!" said a navvy to the writer one day, in his picturesque Canadian-French. "The whole Nor'-West goes over these two rails, and it is we who look after the rails!"

After an examination of the methods of business of this company, one comes away from the task convinced that there is little to improve on. The whole organization is nothing if not an elaborate system, designed to save time, effort, and money, giving a lesson in economy and shrewdness from which those who walk in humbler spheres might profitably learn.

While the head direction of the Canadian Pacific Railway remains in Montreal, the company, in view of more efficient management, has divided the entire line into five great divisions,

known as the Atlantic, Ontario and Quebec, Eastern, Western, and Pacific. Any one of these divisions, taken separately, would form a railway system of respectable size. Each has its own officials, and all the responsibilities of local administration attached to it.

The Atlantic division covers a little more than six hundred and fifty miles. It comprises the company's own lines in the Maritime Provinces, including leased lines and certain rolling privileges over others.

The Ontario and Quebec division, as its name indicates, comprises the company's own lines in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, the chief of which is the line from Montreal to Toronto and Detroit. This division manages several leased lines and covers thirteen hundred miles.

The Eastern division comprises the first thousand miles on the main transcontinental line, from Montreal to Fort William, at the extreme west end of Lake Superior. There are several smaller lines, owned or leased, under the company's direction in this division, making in all sixteen hundred and fifty miles.

The Western covers two thousand eight hundred miles and over. It takes in the main line from Fort William to Donald in the Rocky Mountains, a distance of fourteen hundred and fifty miles, and the numerous branches extending through the wheat-growing regions of Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

The Pacific division comprises the remainder of the transcontinental from Donald to the Pacific coast, a distance of five hundred and fifty-six miles, and includes a few small branches running south of the main line.

The foregoing summary of the mileage, owned or controlled by this company, does not include the four-hundred-mile line running from Sault Ste. Marie to Duluth, south of Lake Superior, nor the recently extended thirteen-hundred-mile St. Paul and Minneapolis route. Both these lines run through United States territory, and are controlled by the Canadian Pacific. The enumeration, somewhat tedious perhaps, will enable the reader to estimate the magnitude of the system which has been brought into being within ten years.

Every division is headed by a General Superintendent, who has supreme control of the officials and men in his division. A superintendent is a man of vast technical experience, one who knows the ins and outs of railway life. Call him a

"railroader," and you have at once made the last possible effort to describe the man ; for this term includes everything. His salary is high, and this makes him independent of men and their influence. He is, most of the time, flying through his territory in his private car, looking after the company's interests ; for he has but one object in life to work for—the aggrandisement of the C.P.R. Railroaders like Spencer, Whyte, Abbott, Leonard, and Jimmerman—men grown or growing grey in railway government—are superintendents in this company. Their subordinates of every rank call them "General:" in point of fact that is what they are. They have actual command of an army of men ; and are a power in the land.

In the interests of more efficient local management, a superintendent cuts up his division into sections of about one hundred and twenty-five miles each. Ends of sections are called "divisional points." These are the most important stations on the road from the company's standpoint, and in newly colonized districts they are generally incipient towns. If their natural position does not give them this importance, the fact that they are the head-quarters of hundreds of Canadian Pacific employees and their families is a sufficient reason to have them marked conspicuously on the company's maps. Engine and car repair-shops are always built at these points, where skilled workmen are kept busy building or mending the company's rolling stock. The length of a section is considered long enough for an engine to run without change, and a relay is furnished at every divisional point.

Every two sections are under an assistant superintendent, a local official who has immediate control of all employees in his district, comprising road-masters, bridge-inspectors, engineers, conductors, brakemen, flying-gangs, wire-repairers, and trackmen, as well as all stationary employees, such as train despatchers, agents, telegraph operators, machinists, &c.

A section, in its turn, is under the charge of a road-master, who is responsible for the care of the track and looks after the section-navvies and their foremen. So that the simple navvy who drives spikes on the track, is blessed with five superior officers—the section foreman, road-master, assistant superintendent, general superintendent, and president of the road—to any one of whom access is free when he has a favour to ask, or when he feels an injustice has been done him.

It would be tiresome to the reader to give the thousand and

one other details which make up inside life on transcontinental lines. But mention should be made of a few of the more important positions held by men in the service of the Canadian Pacific. Though in this company, subordination reigns from President Van Horne down to the "newsy," the policy of the directors is to make subordinates share in the responsibility of management; for in their eyes carelessness and stupidity are deadly sins, the former, if possible, the greater of the two. Certain classes of employees have more confidence placed in them than others; but woe to the one in whom any shortcoming is detected. Justice, untempered by mercy, is done him. If guilty of violation of some rule, all the powers on earth cannot restore him to confidence or get him back his position; if innocent, none more ready to acknowledge it than the company.

One of the most responsible positions held by employees in any railway company is that of train-despatching. The despatcher is the operator who sits at his telegraphic key during eight hours every day, and with Morse's mysterious dots and dashes directs the movements of trains going in every direction on a railway company's lines. On systems where double and quadruple track are laid, the duties of those men are necessarily less arduous, and less responsible, perhaps, owing to fewer risks of collision. But it is easy to appreciate the importance of the despatcher's position on a single-track system like the Canadian Pacific, where trains going at different rates of speed meet and cross each other frequently. Hence the extended powers given him, and the good use he is supposed to make of his judgment in calculating speed and distance in order not to delay traffic, for time is money even on the C.P.R.

With those powers ratified by authority, the despatcher becomes a sort of modified autocrat, who issues "orders" to guide engineers and conductors all day long. Orders are couched in language so precise that it is impossible not to understand them; they are ukases binding to obedience the trainmen concerned, as if they bore the signature of the Czar of all the Russias. Disobedience to despatchers' orders is the source of three-fourths of the accidents which take place on railways. A striking example happened on this road within the past few months. Orders were given to a crew of trainmen to hold their train at a certain station on the way until new orders had been issued. Instead of obeying, they kept right on,

crashed into a train laden with tea, coming in the opposite direction, killed two men and destroyed nearly seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of rolling stock and freight.

Another class of employees occupying positions involving responsibility and confidence, are railway conductors. A Canadian Pacific passenger conductor is generally one who has spent years in railway service, a clever, all-round, well-informed man, capable of giving information, and with whom a weary traveller across the continent may pass an interesting half-hour. His salary is relatively high, and he has the confidence of the company. But notwithstanding this confidence, which as a general rule is not misplaced, none know better than railway companies that "financial errors" sometimes happen, and they have, in consequence, invented little ways to check as far as possible these failings of weak humanity.

One of the cleverest devices in vogue on American roads is the "rebate check," which puts the traveller in league with the companies by appealing to the traveller's purse. Railway rules require a passenger to buy his trip ticket at regular stations before stepping on trains. But circumstances oftentimes oblige him to jump aboard and pay his fare on the way. Employees might receive the money and appropriate it, without any one being the wiser, did not the company adopt some means of controlling their transactions. A cast-iron rule obliges them not merely to "punch a ticket" for every fare collected on moving trains, but to sell such tickets at an advance of ten cents on regular tariff rates. And here is shown precisely the ingenuity of the scheme. The conductor furnishes a receipt, or rebate check, for the amount collected over the fare. These checks are redeemable at face value at any station of the company, and are sent to head-quarters at stated times. In this way the auditor of passenger receipts can tell just when and where a ticket was sold on trains on any part of the road, and cash returns must correspond with the number of rebate checks sent to him.

Many stories are told of the cleverness displayed by impecunious travellers and tramps across the continent to deceive conductors and trainmen. For in Canada a "lift" is as welcome to the knights of the road as it is in other parts of the world. The Canadian Pacific is humane enough not to put those followers of fortune off its trains far from inhabited places, but it is a fact pretty well known to the fraternity, that the



company will not carry passengers free. It is this fact that has raised free riding to the dignity of a fine art. Tramps travel over this road hidden away in wheat trains; they travel hundreds of miles standing on the connecting-bars of freight waggons. They have been seen riding on a board stretched on rods directly between the wheels of passenger coaches, where a mis-step meant instantaneous death. The writer once saw six tramps making headway eastward in an empty freight waggon. They were taking life leisurely and smoking cigarettes. Had the trainmen seen them, they would not have found life worth living. On passenger trains penniless travellers make little headway. The vigilance of the company's employees and the system of frequently checking tickets prevent them from covering much territory at the expense of the company; they are put off mercilessly, an operation they submit to, most of them, like lambs. However, the writer saw a tramp raise a stone one day and hurl it at the conductor of a train moving out from a station. The missile went right through the coach. Had it reached the trainman, he would have gone out into his eternity without a murmur.

One of the neatest stories that has come to our knowledge in which a tramp baffled a passenger conductor, happened a couple of years ago on this road. And what gives pith to the story is the fact that the trainman in question had a continental reputation of non-compromising severity in the matter of fare-paying. Tradition has it that he put his mother-in-law off his train once, because she could not pay her fare,—but that is another story. One day a tramp, on his way west, borrowed a respectable coat, drew his own very dilapidated hat down over his eyes, and took a seat in a first-class coach without a ticket, without even a cent in his wallet. The train moved out, and the conductor came along slowly through the aisles of the coaches, punching tickets in true C.P.R. fashion. Travellers have the habit of carrying their ticket-coupons in their hatbands—this was the scheme the tramp worked to complete success. When the conductor reached the first-class, the knight of the dilapidated hat tilted it to one side of his head, raised the window, and became so deeply interested in the swiftly-passing scenery that he failed to notice the approaching trainman. A sharp tap on the shoulder, and a sudden call of "Tickets!" reverberating in his ear, brought back the absent-minded tramp. He gave a jump, let his hat fall out of the window—that was

part of the programme—and turned with a glow of indignation on his features impossible to describe.

"There, you've done it! Hat and ticket and all gone!" And when he could catch his breath: "If you want my ticket, stop the train and go back for it!"

The conductor was puzzled; he did not see fit to stop the fast express, and decided to leave the ticketless tramp in peace. A second version has it that the tramp made the trainman pay for the hat, but the writer has not been able to verify the fact.

Probably the most dangerous employment on any railway is that of locomotive driver. Danger is the watchword of those brave men, who stand for hours on their iron monsters, their hands grasping the throttle, their eyes peering ahead, while they fly through space at fifty or seventy miles an hour. In respect of danger and risk, one road differs little from another; but the peculiar difficulties the builders of the Canadian Pacific had to meet with in the construction of the road: the heavy grades, the innumerable twists and curves, the couple of thousand trestles and bridges, the tunnels and rock-cuts, give this line a special status from a driver's point of view. Such knowledge of every mile is required, and such intense watchfulness during the hours of travel, that fatigue, mental and physical, tend to break down the strongest frames. Four or five hours of constant vigilance weary an engineer, and "one has only to watch those strong men," says a writer in *McClures*, "as they stumble down from their engines at the end of a relay, has only to observe the white faces and unsteady gait, and see the condition of physical collapse which follows, to understand what it costs in vitality and grit to give the ease-loving public this incomparable service." If the engineer "fails by a hair's breadth in coolness and precision of judgment, there may come destruction, not only to himself, but to hundreds of passengers, who, while he stands guard, are perhaps grumbling at the waiters in the dining-car or telling funny stories in the smoker."

The importance of a refreshed frame and a clear head in a locomotive engineer is so evident, that the company, with its own interests in sight, never asks him to travel longer than a section of one hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles, where fresh engines are waiting in relay. There are twenty-three divisional points on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, and

the traveller across the continent changes engines and engineers that number of times.

On the level portions of the road, ordinary engines, averaging between fifty and seventy tons, are used to draw freight and passenger trains; but over the mountainous regions between Lake Nipissing and Thunder Bay, and through the Rockies, heavier ones are employed. They are the favourite Moguls, huge, noble-looking creatures, resting on six powerful driving-wheels. Only engines weighing eighty or a hundred tons, and possessing greater rail friction, could climb grades sixty feet to the mile, or, as we find in the Rocky Mountains, one hundred and sixteen.

The writer had a very novel and very nervous experience on one of those puffing Mogul monsters a few months ago, on the White River section of the line, north of Lake Superior. He boarded the engine one dark night at Otter, a small station in a perfect wilderness. The driver had orders to run eastward to Missanabic, and cross the westbound Pacific express there. That meant getting over the distance in faster time than scheduled freight transit is supposed to make. One of the precautionary measures taken on this road is that freights must travel twenty minutes clear of regular and special passenger trains, and it was evident that to "make time" we had to trip along lively over the rails that night. Our Mogul blew "off breaks," and moved slowly and royally out into the darkness. Suddenly a brawny arm gave another pull at the throttle; the steam with a mighty "swish" entered the valves in greater volume, the pistons increased their strokes, the driving-wheels revolved more quickly, and we felt ourselves being carried over the rails at quite a free-and-easy rate. But this did not satisfy the daring engineer; the express had already left Dalton, and had been signalled close to Missanabic. Once more the throttle moved, more steam entered the valves, the noise of the wheels grew louder, and away went the great Mogul, "his heart a furnace of glowing coal, and the strength of a thousand horses moving his sinews," flying over the track at a tremendous speed. Every moment the dancing headlight stole from the darkness some new scene from either side of us, but kept monotonously before us the two shining lines of steel. When the fireman opened the furnace-door to "coal-up," a bright gleam from the fire-box shot into the heavens. It rent its way through the rich, white clouds of steam like an electric search-light, and

paled into oblivion the millions of glowing cinders rising from the smoke-stack. Every now and then a jerk at the lever overhead sounded the danger signal, and told the hills and forests we were nearing some rock-cut, or blind curve, or lofty trestle. On we plunged into the dark night, utterly heedless of peril, wishing only that we could go faster,—the lone passenger confiding in the skilful driver, one of the best on this road, the driver in his trusty Mogul and safe track,—till the tiny red light of a semaphore revealed itself a few hundred yards ahead. The overhead lever gave the trainmen in rear the signal for "down brakes," the throttle was closed, the lever reversed, and we glided slowly on to a side track, leaving the main line clear for the Pacific express that came flying along, five minutes later, on its way to the western prairies.

A despatch, that apparently had a foundation, appeared in Canadian papers some months ago, stating that the use of steam was going to be discarded altogether on the heavy grades in the western mountain ranges, and the electrical trolley system put in its stead. The railway world will look with curiosity on this novel venture. Hardly any reason can be given why it should not succeed. Cascades and waterfalls abound in the Rocky Mountains, and they should furnish driving power for the dynamos. Meanwhile, steam power, the immortal discovery of Watt, is dragging through those mountain fastnesses its thousands of passengers and its millions of tons of freight, linking Britain's greatest colonies together and forming the world's highway across America to Asia and Australia.

Travelling over the C.P.R. for the first time, with its ever-varying scenes of land and water, is a novel experience for most people. The attractions, however, are not merely the majestic Lake Superior, with its pure, green waters, nor the prairie wheatfields, nor the cañons and glaciers of the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, but rather the men we meet. One does not go very far on his three thousand mile trip across the continent before he begins to recognize the cosmopolitan character of this road. There is no other American line whereon the traveller meets such a variety of men. The fact that this is the short cut to Asia, and the favourite highway of globe-trotters, throws one in with people of almost every clime, from the skirted Cingalese to the ubiquitous Britisher. The latter class are, generally, planet-circlers on their way "home," stocked with pleasant and useful recollections of other lands and other peoples. Their

long, round-the-world rambles, and their continued hobnobbing with strangers on land and sea, shear them of much of their insular exclusiveness; and the writer confesses to many an interesting half-hour spent in their company.

The case is quite different with the simple colonist on his way direct from Europe to the prairies. Anxious to reach his future home, he finds the trip from shipboard monotonous enough. Try to encourage him, and tell him the C.P.R. travels faster than the sun; that he will have to put his watch back an hour at Fort William, Brandon, and Donald, and he thinks you are poking fun at him. That was all very well at sea, but who ever heard of watch and ward being kept on land? Try to explain the twenty-four system, tell him he will reach Brandon at twenty-three o'clock, and you only make matters worse. The long, wild stretches he has to cross on the lake sections of the road, and over the prairies, appeal to his imagination and dwarf any previous ideas he may have had of immensity. He is frequently heard telling his neighbour that he thought the C.P.R. had made the world smaller, but the world has remained pretty big after all: this is one of his standing jokes. At every divisional point he patronizes the luncheon-counter. At intermediate stations he consults his yellow folder for names and mileage, to see just where he is, and how much farther west he has to go: this makes the time fly. Between stations, when he is not sleeping, he is looking through the coach windows, catching momentary glimpses of rocks and streams and hills, and he recalls some similar scene at home, which he has left, perhaps, for ever.

Nothing captures the new colonist so completely as the old log camps still quite numerous along the line of this railway. Those structures were raised by the navvies for shelter during construction-times, and were abandoned as the line advanced westward. They are perched, most of them, on grassy mounds, or in clusters of trees, or beside streamlets, for even the navvies had an eye to the picturesque. They are now going to ruin, but they are objects of more than passing interest to people who have still lingering in their memories school-book reminiscences of American border warfare, and many a wild conjecture as to their origin is hazarded by travellers innocent of the history of the road.

"What tribe of Indians lived in those camps? Were they very cruel? Are they still around?" are questions one has

frequently to answer. Regard for truth obliges one to take the backbone out of many a pet theory, but others, less scrupulous, conjure up scenes of savage cruelty and cannibalism blood-curdling enough to send thrills through good people fresh from the fields of Yorkshire, or who have the sound of Bow Bells still ringing in their ears.

Hundreds of Chinese are continually travelling east and west over the road. The company is considerate enough to provide them with separate couches, where they may loll celestially, and smoke opium without incommoding other passengers. Many of them are workmen on their way, as bonded goods, to the sugar plantations of the West Indies; others returning home to the Sunny Kingdom after having made their fortunes in the laundries of New York and Boston, having done their utmost, meanwhile, to amalgamate American styles with the pigtail. Many wealthy Chinamen and Japanese, mostly merchants, take this line on their way to and from Europe. The writer recalls a Chinaman, evidently of high station, whom he met on the dining-car, done up in the richest Oriental silks, and a pigtail, but with all the polish of Occidental civilization attached to him. These are evidences that the tide of travel has set in; they help to prove what has been frequently asserted, that the Canadian Pacific is destined to be the highway to the Orient.

When one wishes to get a true idea of the changes this comparatively recent enterprise has wrought in the wilder portions of Canada, and the facilities for travel it has given where none existed before, he should not look to the present generation for facts. New-comers, who recline luxuriously in floating drawing-rooms and fare sumptuously in palatial dining-coaches, travelling meanwhile with never a jolt or jar over mountains and streams and ravines, are not in a position to appreciate the changes which have taken place within the past ten years. Let him consult the pioneer missionaries who crossed those regions on foot and with dog-teams, or the shade of Sir George Simpson, the old fur governor, who, with his canoes and Indians, used to take thirty days to cover the territory which is now gone over in two. Such men would be better able than others to contrast the slow, monotonous canoe journeys with the present incomparable rail service, which saves so much time and is of such easy access to all.

The very boldness of the whole Canadian Pacific Railway

scheme, and its magnificent accomplishments, have struck many of the old pioneers with amazement. But they have little reason to be amazed. Greater feats than the building of this great railway may yet be seen. With all the modern forces at the disposal of railway builders, the wildest schemes come within the range of feasibility. The junction of the Canadian Pacific and the future trans-Siberian railway, through Alaska and the Behring Straits, is the wildest of schemes, and the most impracticable, and yet there is no reason why it should not be one of the events of the future. After we have seen what has been done on the Canadian Pacific, we conclude that climate, and distance, and engineering difficulties are no longer obstacles to railway construction. The only question modern capitalists ask is: "Will the scheme pay?" If there is a probability of getting dividends out of the trans-Alaskan enterprise, we may safely predict that our next-century cousins will be seen standing at the wicket of the Montreal Station, asking for tickets to London and Paris, *via* Asia.

E. J. DEVINE, S.J.



### *Who made the Sacraments?*

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IT may not be amiss, in connection with the recent discussion as to the validity of Anglican Orders, to offer a few suggestive remarks on the subject of sacraments in general, and the power the Church has of modifying and changing them.

It is, at all events, a *prima facie* difficulty that if the *traditio instrumentorum* is, as the Abbé Duchesne takes for granted, a purely ceremonial and extra-essential addition to the rite of priestly ordination, the schools, with Aquinas at their head, should, without a suspicion of error, have regarded it as essential. For it is allowed that a morally universal opinion of the schools, even in any one age, is a safe and sure criterion of the Church's mind in matters of faith. Nor can it be pretended with any show of plausibility that a question touching the right matter and form of a sacrament, and consequently its valid ministration, is one with regard to which the Church's mind could be really unformed or need development; since valid sacraments were necessary everywhere from the very first.

Such is the difficulty; and though it is not the scope of this article to solve it directly, yet it is hoped that the considerations here offered—by no means new—may point the way towards such a solution.

That in some way or other all the sacraments are from our Lord Himself, no Christian has ever questioned who holds that there are sacraments at all. But as to the Church's power in their regard, we can conceive Christ to have acted in at least two ways, widely different.

First, it must be allowed that He could have given His Vicars power to institute sacraments generally, determining Himself neither the number nor the kind; a general power, that is, of attaching particular graces to particular rites and ceremonies, such as the Church does actually claim in a slightly different way in the matter of sacramentals. It might well have come under the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on

earth shall be bound in Heaven," a promise of itself unlimited, and whose limits are only determined for us by the comment of Catholic tradition. This would be such a plenary power as a monarch might give to the governor of a colony, a power of enacting any such laws, and of inflicting any such penalties as circumstances might seem to require.

Quite different from this is the power of a mere delegate, whose duty is confined to the declaration and enforcement of laws in the framing of which he himself has had no part. And such, it is more commonly believed, is the Church's power with reference to the sacraments. She receives them ready-made from the hands of her Master, keeps and guards them, dispenses them duly and faithfully; but has no power to touch their substance, to alter their essential matter and form, much less to abolish any existing sacrament or to institute a new one. Her power as regards sacramentals is of course in no wise in conflict with this statement.

As touching what is outside the substance or essence of a sacrament, the Church has unlimited power, namely, as to the ritual and positive conditions of its administration.

Between the two conceptions stated there comes a possible third. A prince might issue a general law against cruelty, or against fraud, and leave to his subordinates a legislative power in respect to particular phases of cruelty or fraud. Such laws would have double authorship, owing their generic nature, as logicians would say, to the supreme power, and their differentiating determination to subordinate and local authorities. So the Church might be conceived as having subordinate power extending to the very substance of the sacrament, yet not to its whole substance. In such case a sacrament would depend for its validity on its conformity to the institution both of Christ and of His Church; whereas mere ritual determinations, being accidental, do not affect the validity, but at most the lawfulness of a sacrament.

Now the Council of Trent says very plainly: *Si quis dixerit sacramenta novæ legis non fuisse omnia a Jesu Christo Domino Nostro instituta. A.S.*—"Let him be anathema who says that the sacraments of the new law were not all instituted by Christ."<sup>1</sup>

These words are to be taken in their direct and simple sense, according to their objective value, which is fixed by general usage; or, if any other canon of interpretation must be invoked,

<sup>1</sup> Sess. 7, Can. 1.

it is that they should be read into contradiction of the error they were directed against, *i.e.*, the error of the pseudo-reformers who, ascribing the institution of certain sacraments to the Church, and at the same time refusing Divine authority to the Church, taught that they were mere human inventions and "corrupt following of the Apostles." The Council then affirms that the sacraments are not ecclesiastical institutions, but are all from Christ in the same sense as the Protestant "two only: Baptism and the Supper of the Lord."

But these two were determined by Him as to their whole substance; therefore the rest also. It is only by a more or less sophistical refinement that a distinction between mediate and immediate institution could be brought in to interpret the Council as leaving room for the opinion that the Church has power to touch the substance of the sacraments. If, with reference to a law enacted by subordinate authority, I ask: Who made it? and I am told: The King; the answer is defensible speculatively, but neither direct nor unequivocal. So if one asks: "Who instituted the sacramentals, for example, holy water, or blessed ashes?" and I answer: "Christ," my answer is certainly not according to the interrogator's meaning.

Hence, "to institute," in common parlance, implies in its very notion immediate authorship. Every institution is instituted by him from whose determinate thought and will it proceeds, and just so far and no further.

The government of a colony proceeds immediately and specifically from the minister in charge entrusted with a measure of legislative power; mediately and generally from the supreme power at home. That there shall be government of some kind is the institution of the latter; that it shall be of such a kind is the institution of the former.

In saying, then, that Christ instituted the sacraments, we mean that His mind (that is His human mind) determined the substance of the rite in each case; and that His will ratified the idea; and that He communicated the sacrament so determined to His Apostles. In a certain sense, or rather in the first and most obvious sense, we deny that the Apostles instituted the sacraments by the command of Christ; since we do not believe that in that sense Christ could properly and directly be called their institutor, as some have held. It is not, however, to be thought that Christ instituted each sacrament by administering it. Plainly this is impossible, as to Matrimony, which is

administered by the parties themselves. It must, in one sense, have been instituted by His command, and not by His example. Strictly speaking, He instituted the Eucharist by the command, "Do this in commemoration of Me," although the force of "this" was explained by act and not by words. Had He explained it by words alone, He would no less have instituted that sacrament in the true and direct sense. So of Baptism, although He administered it Himself, He must be conceived as instituting it by the command reiterated in the words: "Baptizing them in the name," &c. It is, then, one thing to say that He commanded the Apostles to institute sacraments, *i.e.*, to devise and originate them in His name and with His authority; another to say that He commanded them to promulgate and administer sacraments which He Himself had devised, instituted, and communicated to them.

Still we are as far as ever from a true solution of the problem unless we are clear as to what we mean by the form and matter of a sacrament—to use a metaphor from metaphysics, helpful when recognized as a metaphor, but disastrous if pressed in its literal sense.

It holds good so far as every sacrament is a bodily outward sign or symbol of an inward grace; and in this outward sign there are two elements more or less distinguishable in different sacraments, though whether designedly or accidentally, whether from an express intention in their Founder to sanctify words, as symbolic of spirit, and things as representative of matter, or merely from the methodical reflection and analysis of theologians, is hard to say. Of these two elements one is, as a rule, determinable and so far material; the other determining and so far formal, and this of course not in the physical sense, but rather in a logical sense, *i.e.*, in the order of signs and significations, wherein an ambiguous and indetermined sign is determined and narrowed down to a more precise significance by something added to it, as we see in the inflection of verbs or nouns. In such a case we rightly enough call the inchoate symbol, which is as yet general and indefinite in its meaning, matter; and that which supervenes and restricts its significance, form; the one is regarded as receiving, the other as received; the two together, in a way, enter its composition and form one complete word or sign.

Thus in a spoken or written discourse of some length, if at the outset some more or less ambiguous assertion is made, and

as the affair proceeds, its full sense is more exactly defined, and developed step by step, we shall have what is really but one adequate sign or expression, extended it may be over many pages or many moments. Here, supposing the discourse to be strictly connected and progressive, each new clause or paragraph is formal with respect to the preceding, which it modifies or determines; and the last formal is the strictest sense of all.

The sacraments resemble a discourse or *locutio*, in that they are more or less successive signs; there is a process to be gone through, something to be said, something to be done which takes time. All the parts of the sign do not coexist together in any one instance, as do matter and form, or body and soul in the physical world. It suffices for the completeness of the sign that the determinable or material part remain in the memory of the beholder, so as to be there simultaneously with the apprehension of the determining part, that thus the two may be compared together and referred to one another as parts of one whole.

It would not destroy the perfection of a sign if, *e.g.*, in the Sacrament of Orders, hands were to be imposed in the beginning, and all the subsequent words and ceremonies were to be taken as explicative of that act in itself ambiguous and common to other sacraments and rites.<sup>1</sup>

The material element in the New Testament sacraments is, as a matter of fact, some physical thing or action; of its own nature symbolic, under some aspect or other, of a special grace. Such ambiguity as it may possess is removed in most cases by words (or in all cases by some utterance equivalent to speech), which are therefore spoken of as the form, a division founded on the natural diversity between words and things as suggesting a convenient division of the whole signification; yet not necessarily the only one possible, since any step of the process determines the preceding.

This thing or action, which is the matter of a sacramental sign, may be viewed and classified under two aspects, physical and symbolic; thus, for example, water physically is classified under liquids, liquid itself being a subdivision of matter according to density, and so forth. But viewed symbolically, water may be a sign of refreshment, or of cleansing, or of instability; while washing with water may be a sign of an inward or of a legal and ritual purification, and all this according as it is further determined in its meaning by the context of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ballerini, *Opus. Theol.* vol. v. pp. 713, seq.

circumstances, or by the comment of some accompanying formula.

When, therefore, we say that Christ devised and fixed the sacramental sign, are we speaking of the sign in *all* its concrete physical determinations, or only as to such of them as are symbolic of the grace conveyed, that is, which formally constitute it a sign? If we say the latter, then the Church might introduce changes in the matter which, viewed physically, would be substantial, and yet not touch the substance of the sign as sign. For instance, had Christ determined the material symbol of Baptism to be any sort of ablution whatever, leaving the manner of ablution to the Church to arrange, then baptism with water would be the institution of Christ so far only as it is a washing or ablution, and a sign of spiritual cleansing; which as performed with water in preference to any other liquid, or by aspersion, immersion, or effusion, would be a matter of ecclesiastical institution.

Since, however, water is all but universally the only recognized means of bodily cleansing; since, moreover, it is in another way significant of the Holy Spirit (as refreshing the thirsty), we can see the congruity of what tradition alone teaches us, namely, that not only washing, but washing in water, was instituted by Christ as the material symbol of Baptism. Were it not for tradition, we might well suppose that baptism by immersion was essential as of Divine institution, and we might doubt whether baptism in warm water or in foul water would be valid. Similarly as to the Eucharist, if when Christ took bread into His hands He did not intend it to be symbolic as bread but as food, nor the wine to be symbolic as wine but as drink, then the Church would have been free without tampering with the substance of the sign to use any kind of food or drink to signify the spiritual nutrition by grace. Here again we are mainly dependent on tradition and on what the Church has done in order to learn what she can do and may do, and what we are to regard as essential in our Lord's institution. A Protestant teetotaler might justify his Eucharist of bread and water by the text:<sup>1</sup> "My Flesh is meat (food) indeed, and my Blood is drink indeed," nor could he be logically refuted by the words, "*Do this* in remembrance of Me," until we can show how "*this*" is to be limited. For limited it must be; else, since the bread that He took was unleavened bread, we should have to deny the

<sup>1</sup> St. John vi. 55.

validity of the Greek Eucharist. Therefore He took unleavened bread *as bread*, but not *as unleavened*; although there is as rich a symbolism in Scripture connected with azym as with the welding of many grains into one bread and one body, which is the significance of bread as opposed to other descriptions of food. Tradition also teaches us, and tradition alone, that in taking wheaten bread He took it as wheaten, which, as far as we are concerned, is of much less symbolic import than freedom from leaven. Furthermore, He took the cup, not merely as drink, but as wine; wine, moreover, of a certain species, and probably with a nearly equal infusion of water, yet not as of that species or as mingled with water, since tradition does not regard either of them as essential or substantial. Were they so, the Church could not change them, and therefore would not change them. The Church, therefore, might consecrate leavened bread as the Greeks do without changing the substance of the sacrament, but not barley bread; nor other food than bread, though the paschal lamb would seem more fraught with symbol. She might consecrate wine without water, as Protestants try to do, but by no means water without wine. A certain species of bread is necessary, but the species of wine is indifferent.

It appears, then, that so long as a certain definite significance is not destroyed, no change in the matter of the sacrament regarded physically touches its substance as a sacrament or sign; and that it is from the tradition of the Church alone, and not *a priori* or from any private interpretation of Scripture, that we know the limits of her power in the matter.

This is no less evident in relation to the *form* or determining part of the sign; which is also something that addresses itself to the senses, being nearly always some speech or utterance of the mind designed to fix more accurately the ambiguous significance of the material element or action. The matter is in some way a natural sign, *i.e.*, of its own nature water suggests cleansing, and bread nutrition; but the form is more properly a conventional or artificial sign, since vocal sounds have of their own nature no connection with the ideas they present; but only by usage and convention. It must be noted that the value and significance of words is not subjective and relative, but objective, since it is not fixed by individuals, but by society, and is independent of the will of individuals considered apart. If two men agreed to use *yes* for *no* between themselves, this would not alter the meaning of *yes* and *no* objectively. Still different



societies and peoples have different signs for the same ideas; and so, though formally as signs *aqua* and *water* are the same, yet as sounds they are wholly different. When we say, therefore, that Christ instituted the form *Hoc est corpus meum*, we do not deny to the Church the power of substituting a wholly different physical sound-series, such as "This is My Body," without in any way meddling with the substance of the word-sign. The essence then of the Divine institution is the expression of a certain idea in conventional language. What that precise idea is has to be determined largely by tradition. Here too *a priori* we could not see why a deaf mute might not validly consecrate in his own sign-language; nor why the form might not be written instead of uttered. It is only from tradition that we gather that Christ used spoken words *as* spoken: and Greek or Aramaic words, but not *as* Greek or Aramaic.

And so on these principles it may be said that if Christ instituted the Sacrament of Orders as a laying on of hands and if the Catholic Church subsequently conferred the same sacrament by a "tradition of instruments," it would only point to the fact that our Lord used the former rite not as a laying on of hands, but as a sign of continuity, or communication of power, the substance of which is contained in the rite of tradition of instruments; and the Church would not be convicted of having touched the substance of the sacramental sign as such. That the Church Catholic, as being the universal Christian society, has power by her mere usage, without formal enactment, to modify the significance of her rites and expressions, is as natural as that a people can modify their own language in a like way. And as no man has the right or power to use words in their archaic and obsolete sense and to expect to be understood or excused at times from equivocation; so were the sacramental significance to pass from one form of expression and attach itself to another, from the laying on of hands to the tradition of instruments, no private interpretation, however justified on archæological principles, would avail against the authority of Catholic custom. The meaning and pronunciation of a word is not to be settled by its derivation, but by present public usage, and this holds also of the signs and ceremonies which society recognizes as equivalent to language in many conjunctures; and in like manner the force of the Church's ceremonies depends on the meaning at the present time attached to them by the faithful.

A difficulty at once occurs here. It is by no means clear that St. Thomas and the schools regarded the *traditio instrumentorum* as the essential matter, to the exclusion of imposition of hands. But supposing they did, and supposing that whereas formerly the imposing of hands was the received mode of expressing communication of sacerdotal power, by their time this same idea had come to be expressed in a totally different way, what are we to say of the transition period? Are we to imagine that one fine day it was discovered that the imposing of hands had ceased to be an adequate expression of the idea and that thereupon the tradition of instruments was introduced—the old ceremony being retained out of respect; as might happen with regard to sacramental formulæ, were Latin a living language. For if the word *corpus* lost its original meaning, which was transferred to some other word, *e.g.*, *substantia*; and still more, if *corpus* acquired a new and different meaning, it would be high time for the Church to alter the formula. But such sudden alterations are not to be looked for in matters governed by custom and use, whose effects are gradual and imperceptible in process, however notable in result. With regard to the formula we should rather find that the growing ambiguity of the word *corpus* would be remedied by the addition of some restrictive word or clause, or by a more modern equivalent placed beside the decaying sign as its translation or explanation. In course of time the older word would cease to be significant and might or might not drop out altogether. This is what well might have happened in the case of the Sacrament of Orders in the Western Church. The idea of communication of priestly power is not one for which it is easy to find any natural symbol; for which reason the sign must be to a large extent conventional, and so far be more subject to the fluctuating fortune of words which are purely conventional signs.

The laying on of hands is a ceremony of great ambiguity implying perhaps, to an imaginative mind, a communication of something from one to another; of itself it does not say whether it be a transmission of guilt (as was signified apparently in certain Old Testament ceremonies), or of the Holy Spirit; and if of the latter, whether for the grace of confirmation, or of absolution, or of miracle-working, or of consecration. It was only as interpreted by the occasion and ritual and prayers and formulæ, that its meaning could be fixed. We can well understand how the tradition of instruments was introduced to remove

its ambiguity, and how in course of time this explanatory ceremony drew to itself the whole sacramental value, while the ancient rite became secondary in importance. No difficulty could arise from this explanation in regard to Greek Orders. The Oriental Churches have always retained their own language and ceremonies, which latter may be called their ritual language. Owing to their slower vitality and rigid adherence to antiquity as such, their ceremonial is almost as dead as their language, and the ancient ceremony of imposing hands means still for them as much as the tradition of instruments does for us. On the hypothesis here explained, the material sign as sign is identical both in the East and West, as much as the words *σῶμα* and *corpus* are identical.

If Anglicans were in the same position as Greeks in this respect, *i.e.*, if their Ordinal had come down from Apostolic times by a process of unbroken growth, and had not been forged brand-new by private authority, they could claim equal validity as far as the *matter* of the sacrament is concerned. But on the hypothesis that the schoolmen and St. Thomas were right, and that in the West the sacramental significance had been by usage transferred to the tradition of instruments, then their unauthorized rejection of the sign adopted by Catholic usage and their substitution of another, which in the same usage had become obsolete, would without doubt be fatal to the validity of the sacrament. For the meaning of signs and words is not a matter of private unauthorized institution. It would be altogether as if one, on his oath in court, were out of pedantry to use words in their original and forgotten sense and then to resent the accusation of perjury; or as if one were to claim legal protection for a contract made with the ceremonial rites of the ancient Romans but void of all the conditions of a valid contract here at the present day.

These suggestions are offered first of all to call attention to at least the possibility of the view of St. Thomas and the scholastics being the right one after all; and not merely the outcome of their ignorance of ancient sacramental usages. That ignorance need not be denied; but it need not have been more than concomitant. Again, it will do no harm to see how many things have to be taken into consideration as to the very nature of a sacrament and its institution before we are in a position to speak dogmatically in matters where the Church has not yet formulated her mind. For as Catholics we know

best what she *can* do in the matter by what she *has* done. Had we to interpret the Scripture for ourselves or to settle these questions *a priori*, we should agree as little with one another or with the conclusions of the infallible Church as Anglicans do.

How far these suggestions may tend to throw light on the scholastic teaching as to the essentialness of the entire Roman formula for the consecration of the chalice, or how far they may be extended to the solution of the "epiclesis" difficulty, will be evident to the theological reader. That M. Duchesne has made no account of them is quite clear from the standpoint he has taken in the recent discussions. He writes: "Je sais que l'on s'en tire en disant que l'Eglise a pouvoir sur les rites essentiels des sacrements et qu'elle a fait usage de ce pouvoir en modifiant la matière et forme de l'ordination. C'est très bien: mais en choses de cette gravité ce n'est pas des combinaisons de théologiens qu'il faut mettre en ligne, ce sont des décisions officielles de l'Eglise. Or, où est (1) l'acte officiel, public, explicite, par lequel l'Eglise s'est reconnu le droit dont on parle? (2) l'acte officiel, public, explicite par lequel elle a déclaré user de ce droit pour les rites essentiels de l'ordination? J'ajouterai que l'on pourrait demander aussi dans quel intérêt elle aurait introduit un changement aussi considérable?"<sup>1</sup> As to the first question, except for the words cited from the Council of Trent, the Church has not precisely formulated her power in relation to the sacraments. Her doctrine is to be gathered from her practice. The second question, as well as the third, finds a very ready solution in the hypothesis put forward in this article.

G. TYRRELL.

<sup>1</sup> *Bulletin Critique*, July 15.

## Reviews.

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### I.—CARDINAL FRANZELIN.<sup>1</sup>

THE name of Cardinal Franzelin is familiar to theologians, and his masterly treatises have made a mark in theological literature, such as have few, if any, other writings of recent years; for over and above what he has done with regard to other subjects, the all-important treatise, *De Divina Traditione*, may be said to owe its existence to him. The little work named below, of which we have been favoured with advance sheets, serves to show what was his influence as a man, and testifies to the love and veneration which his high character and saintly life inspired in those who knew him.

The future Cardinal was born in 1816, at the village of Aldein or Altino, near Trent, in the Italian Tyrol. His boyhood was distinguished by the fortunately unusual experience of being tossed by a bull, his injuries being never entirely cured, and, more satisfactorily, by the extraordinary diligence and the talent he displayed during his school course, under the Franciscan Fathers at Bolzano. At the age of eighteen he was already marked out for the career he was to follow, as well by his fervent piety as by his proficiency in sacred studies, for he could already read the Scriptures, not only in Greek, but in Hebrew, and at this period (1834) he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Gratz in Styria. After the various studies of the philosophical course, and six years of teaching in various colleges of the Society, he was sent, in 1845, to study his theology in the Roman College, of which renowned establishment an interesting history is given by his biographer. The revolutionary troubles of 1848 rudely interrupted his course, on the very eve of his ordination, and like his religious brethren he had to fly, contriving, however, to

<sup>1</sup> *John Baptist Franzelin, S.J.*, Cardinal Priest of the title SS. Boniface and Alexius. A Sketch and a Study. By the Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1895.

diversify the gloom of the occasion by an unintentional element of comedy, equipping himself in a garment furnished plentifully with pockets, all of which he stuffed with his beloved books, in order that to whatsoever exile he might be driven, he should not be unprovided with what was for him the chiefest of all requisites. His first refuge was England, where he spent some time at Ugbrooke, placed at the service of the exiles by Lord Clifford. Thence he proceeded to Louvain and Vals, where he was ordained priest in 1849, and taught Scripture and Hebrew. In 1853, returning to Rome, he was appointed assistant professor in his old College, and from 1853 to 1857 was placed in the German College. In 1857 he succeeded Father Perrone in the Chair of Dogmatic Theology in the Roman College, and commenced the series of lectures which produced the treatises by which he is so well known. Of his influence upon those who came under his care, Father Walsh writes:

Father Franzelin was not a professor of sacred eloquence, and yet it is not too much to say that, without intending, he did much towards forming efficient and effective preachers. He inspired his scholars with admiration and love of Holy Scripture, of the Church, the *Divinum Organum*, as he liked to call her, and of the Fathers; and by his perfect way of treating these subjects, he taught them also how to do so. . . One of the most distinguished Italian preachers of his day, Father Vincent Stocchi, having studied his treatise on the Incarnation, wrote to thank him, saying: "You have taught me how to speak of our Lord."

Space forbids us even to touch upon the many edifying details of his severely ascetical and saintly life, which may be read with profit in the long chapter of our memoir devoted to this period of his biography. It must suffice to say that in 1876, Pius IX. determined to create him a Cardinal, and that although compelled to bow to the will of the Vicar of Christ, his elevation was to him the most bitter of all sorrows, chiefly on account of the separation it entailed from his brethren of the Society, and the state to which he had devoted himself, but likewise by reason of the pomp and dignity he was obliged to assume, things most repugnant to his retiring, studious nature. Ten years later he died, having laboured hard in the interval at the work of the Congregations, the only sort of work now left him to do, of which he said that to take it

away would be to take away his life, insisting on continuing it when his strength was unequal to the task.

We must thank Father Walsh for the loving care with which he has compiled his memorial of such a man, who should not be remembered only or chiefly for his intellectual gifts, but is worthy to be set up as a model of exalted holiness, exhibited in the discharge of monotonous and laborious duties, a life, despite the brilliance of his theological work, singularly uneventful, and therefore the more imitable by the common run of men.

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2.—THE ORACLES OF PAPIAS.<sup>1</sup>

Under this title a disciple of the author of *Supernatural Religion*, if indeed it be not the author of *Supernatural Religion* himself, has published a monograph upon the celebrated utterances of Papias concerning Matthew and Mark preserved to us by Eusebius. The views put forward in it are briefly these: that the work of Papias, *Λογίων κυριακῶν ἐξήγησις* (an exposition of oracles of the Lord), was upon the interpretation of Messianic prophecies, not, as commonly supposed, an account of sayings by or about our Saviour; and that the work of the Apostle St. Matthew to which Papias refers therein consisted of a collection of the Messianic prophecies in Hebrew, and was something quite different from the Gospel now ascribed to him.

That the reader should follow the drift of the argument, it is essential that he should have before him the two passages from the above-named work of Papias which Eusebius has cited. We borrow them as they stand in the book we are reviewing. Papias, therefore, is quoted as saying with regard to Mark:

And this is what (John) the Elder said, Mark having become the interpreter of Peter wrote accurately, but without arrangement, as many things as he related either said or done by Christ.

For he neither heard the Lord nor followed Him, but afterwards, as I said, he followed Peter, who used to make his teaching according to the occasion and not as making a systematic disquisition (*σύνταξιν*) upon the Dominical oracles (or discourses, according as the reading is *λογίων* or *λόγων*), so that Mark did not act wrongly when he thus wrote some things as he related them. For of one thing he took care,

<sup>1</sup> *The Oracles ascribed to Matthew by Papias of Hierapolis.* A Contribution to the Criticism of the New Testament, with Appendices on the Authorship of the *De Vita Contemplativa*, the Date of the Crucifixion, and the Date of the Martyrdom of Polycarp. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1894.



not to pass by any of the things which he heard or to falsify anything in them.

The other extract is very much shorter, and runs thus :

Matthew wrote the Oracles (*τὰ λόγια συνεγράψατο*) in the Hebrew language, and each man interpreted (*ἡρμῆνευσε*) them as he was able.

The principal object of the book before us is to protest against the traditional view that these citations from Papias are evidence that he, at the beginning of the second century, was acquainted with the canonical Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark.

There are a good many subsidiary questions mooted by the author, some of which offer much field for criticism ; but space compels us to confine ourselves to the main issue. The word *λόγια*, it is urged, was by no means in Papias' time the equivalent of *λόγοι*. From a detailed examination of instances in the Septuagint, in Philo, and in early Christian writers, the author deduces that *λόγια* necessarily meant "inspired utterances," "oracles." The most he will allow is that *λόγια κυριακά* might have meant "the inspired utterances of our Lord ;" it could not then have been used in the sense of "the Scriptures of the Lord." From this it is inferred that what St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew was a book upon the Messianic prophecies, for it is argued it is only thus that we can attach an intelligible meaning to *ἡρμῆνευσε*. Starting from these data, our author proceeds to build up a theory of his own about the composition of the Gospels, one element in the formation of which he concludes to have been a work in Aramaic on the Messianic prophecies written by St. Matthew, and the other a Greek book containing the discourses of our Lord, and of which he regards the work of St. Mark described by Papias as the model or nucleus. We are left to infer that these elements fused together in varying proportions, and with omissions of greater or less amplitude, formed at a date subsequent to the time of Papias the three synoptic Gospels, which only received the names of Matthew, Mark, and Luke because there was a vague tradition in the Church that each of these three had committed something to writing concerning our Saviour.

Leaving out of account the numberless difficulties in which we are landed by these speculations, we can use no other word for them, let us turn for a moment to what is the corner-stone of the whole edifice, the signification of the word *λόγια* in

Papias. Whatever value the essay has lies in the research devoted to the investigation of this point. But we must confess that even here, while we think it probable enough that *λόγια* may mean oracles of the Old Testament, we are wholly unconvinced that it *must* do so. Our author himself admits that in the time of Irenæus "the books of either the Old or New Testament are indifferently called *λόγια* (oracles)," yet because in nine out of the twelve instances which he is able to cite from Christian writers before that date, passages from the Old Testament are clearly intended by *λόγια*, he assumes that it was only the words of the Old Testament that were then regarded as oracles or inspired utterances, and that the word could not have been used by Papias of such a document as the Gospel of St. Matthew. But even conceding this point, we utterly fail to see that we are driven into the necessity of admitting that Papias was not acquainted with our Gospels of Matthew and Mark. To say the truth, for reasons which it would take too long to develope here, we rather welcome the suggestion that the work of Papias was really an exposition of the oracles *about* our Lord, *i.e.*, of the Messianic prophecies. If it were, then we argue that his interest in the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Gospel of St. Mark would be chiefly in so far as they had relation to his special subject. What more natural than that he should say of that Gospel which goes far beyond all the others in pointing out the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecies, that "Matthew wrote down the prophecies in Hebrew and each man interpreted them<sup>1</sup> as he was able."

On the other hand, in his observations upon St. Mark, he notes that St. Peter in his teaching "did not make any systematic disquisition upon the Dominical oracles" (*i.e.*, there were many which he overlooked), and consequently, from the especial point of view of Papias, who was interested only in the prophecies, the Gospel of Mark, however faithfully it represented St. Peter's teaching, was disorderly and incomplete. We think that this conception of the nature of Papias' work, as the writer before us points out, agrees better both with what *has* been quoted from his work by early writers like Irenæus and Eusebius, and with what has *not* been quoted from it; for we should have expected early writers to have borrowed much more abundantly from Papias, if he had really filled five books

<sup>1</sup> Interpreted them, *i.e.*, developed them, worked them out, as Papias himself was doing in the five books of his "Exposition."

with what he had been able to gather of oral traditions about the teaching of our Lord.

There are many other points, notably the *excursus* in which Bishop Lightfoot's conclusions upon the date of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp are attacked, in which we find ourselves disagreeing completely from the argument of the writer, but our space does not allow us to pursue the matter further.

H. T.

### 3.—VATICAN MINIATURES.<sup>1</sup>

Among the Catholic archæologists of Germany, Father Stephen Beissel, S.J., has long held a distinguished place. His monograph upon the Holy Coat of Treves is a veritable store-house of information, from which other writers have borrowed *à pleines mains* without, it may be added, in all cases acknowledging their obligations. His studies upon the history of mediæval relics give evidence of wide-reaching investigations in a very obscure field of research. So, too, all students of early architectural craft are indebted to him for the documents he has published concerning the fabric of the Church of St. Victor at Xanten. In his latest work, Father Beissel breaks new ground. What he sets before us in this volume is nothing less than a history of pictorial art as applied to the decoration of MSS. from the fifth to the sixteenth century. It is an object-lesson taught by specimens selected with admirable judgment from the richest collection in the world of treasures of this class, the library of the Vatican. The miniatures, thirty in number, are reproduced in phototype by the Roman firm of Danesi, and the whole get-up of the volume reflects the greatest credit upon those wonderfully enterprising publishers, Messrs. Herder of Freiburg. The plates are not coloured, for Father Beissel's idea is a thoroughly practical one, and he has wished to keep the cost of the book within limits that would render it accessible to the ordinary student, but the Editor's very full description to a large extent obviates the need of colour. Indeed, as he very truly says, a good phototype often gives a better idea of the original than a coloured lithograph, for a lithograph can never be perfectly satisfactory, and, unless great expense is incurred, will often be positively misleading.

<sup>1</sup> *Vaticanische Miniaturen*, herausgegeben und erläutert von Stephan Beissel, S.J. Freiburg: Herder, 1893. Price 20 marks.

The Editor's explanations are given in French as well as in German, an arrangement which will also add greatly to the utility of the work. Speaking generally, therefore, we may say that nothing could be more practically helpful to those interested in the art, and especially mediæval art, than this very moderately priced volume. We hope that its success may justify the Editor in carrying out a project to which he alludes in his Preface of publishing a similar series of specimens from other great European libraries. If this were done Father Beissel would have gone far to supplant the now ancient work of Agincourt, and to throw a much needed light upon many phases of the subject which may be sought in that collection in vain.

Father Beissel's account of his miniatures, and the MSS. from which they are taken, is, as a rule, both full and interesting. In some cases, however, we should have been glad if he had ventured a little further afield into sundry questions which they naturally suggest. Thus in connection with the very first plate in the volume, a representation of the banquet given by Dido to Æneas from a fifth century Virgil, we should have been glad to have some explanation of the extraordinary resemblance between the treatment of the subject and some of the Eucharistic frescoes in the Catacombs. We have the tripod table with fish and bread, the hands raised as in blessing, the aureole round the heads of all the principal figures, the Phrygian caps of Æneas and his companion, and the attendants with goblets and flagons of wine and water. These details may at least serve to impress upon the uninitiated reader the necessity of extreme caution in all his conclusions about early Christian art.

H. T.

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#### 4—THE THEORY OF INFERENCE.<sup>1</sup>

That Mill's theory of inference is very defective, and that it is easier to point out his errors than to succeed in making the statement of a theory which is beyond the reach of a fault-finder, are two conclusions to be gathered from the book under review. The author is quite right in his insistence on the fact that almost any verbal expression of an argument leaves more to be supplied by the reader or listener than is explicitly given.

<sup>1</sup> *The Theory of Inference.* By the Rev. Henry Hughes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1894.

In order to provide terms for the not strictly logical forms of inferential process, he proposes the use of two words, "delation" and "illation." Of the former his explanation is as follows :

"Delation is employed to signify an inference which is the companion of illation in the field of history, and stands to it in much the same relation as deduction to induction in the field of natural law. As deduction is a recognition of the fact that there is uniformity in nature, so delation is the recognition of the fact that there is continuity in nature. It consists in arriving at knowledge of a future or a past event by means of the consideration that the causes or forces of nature operate continuously, with such regularity and in such conjunctions as have been manifested throughout the range of our experience. The exactness of the inference may, of course, be to some extent impaired by allowance made for development in nature." (p. 124.) The second term which he wishes to introduce is "illation," as suggested by Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, and it is to signify "the kind of inference employed in discovering causes and effects in the field of history." (p. 137.) Its character is declared to be such that, "illation, and illation only, can account for our accepting facts as true on the ground of their being represented to us as true by other persons." (p. 158.) The writer agrees with Newman to the extent of the doctrine that there are valid assents for which no logical proof is forthcoming, and for which immediate intuition cannot be pleaded as their evidence.

In mathematics, at least as regards the simpler processes, the truth to be considered is so isolated, that a comprehensive view of it may be taken, and a feeling of absolute safety is felt in the result arrived at. But concrete objects, as we come across them in practical life, cannot be thus comprehensively surveyed : hence conclusions about them are not felt to be so safe, and writers like Cardinal Newman and Mr. Hughes have tried to justify the inferences which lead to such conclusions, but which cannot be stated fully in set terms. The new contribution to the subject, in part agrees with Newman, in part dissents from him ; and we again in part must dissent from the new analysis. The question is far too wide to be treated in a short notice like the present, which must content itself with having indicated where lies the problem, the solution of which our author has attempted. While he has the merit of being painstaking, and in various ways suggestive, at the same time

he seems not so successful in attaining precision as regards his distinction either between "delation" and "illation," or between these two and the ordinarily accepted terms "induction" and "deduction."

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5.—JANE DORMER, LOUISA DE CARVAJAL, MARGARET CLITHEROW, AND MARY WARD.<sup>1</sup>

We have hearty praise for this work of an accomplished authoress, who handles French and English with equal facility. She here presents us with four clever sketches of characters displaying hardy virtues, such as are rarely developed except in times of great adversity. The first portrait is that of the Duchess of Feria, an English lady who became the devoted patroness of her countrymen driven into exile by force of persecution. Another picture sets before us a foreign lady of rank, Donna Louisa de Carvajal, who played the opposite part, coming to England to encourage the victims of persecution to endure their lot with patience. Then we have the history of the heroic Yorkshire woman, who chose rather to be pressed to death than implicate a jury in the guilt of her judicial murder; and, finally, the life of another Yorkshire woman, Mary Ward, who has played no unimportant part in the history of Religious Orders, for it was she who initiated that manner of life for nuns which now finds the most general favour in the Church.

Writing for a French public, who know but little of the general history of English Catholicism, the authoress was no doubt right in extending her introduction and conclusion so far as to form a complete outline of the fortunes of the Church in these islands for the last three hundred years. We only wish we could think that such an addition to the main object of the work would be unnecessary even in England. At least it gives further evidence of the wide and accurate reading which has given rise to these interesting studies.

<sup>1</sup> *Quatre Portraits de femmes, Episodes des persécutions d'Angleterre.* Par la Comtesse R. de Coursón. Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1895. 455 pp.

6.—MOSTLY BOYS.<sup>1</sup>

Popular as is the literature dealing with schoolboy life, it will probably be acknowledged by those who have had any experience of the reality, that no period of human existence offers greater difficulties to the delineator. The gravest dangers which surround the young are not those which can be depicted in a story, nor are the genuine manners and customs of the natural boy, when left to himself, of such a character as to serve the purposes of the maker of books. We are far from wishing to say anything in disparagement of a most interesting and attractive class of beings, but their merits, almost as much as their defects, are calculated to estrange from them the sympathies of all but the comparatively small number who know how to read between the lines of their conduct, to make allowance for the crudity of their ideas and their expression of them, and to regard rather the somewhat obscure promise of the future than any actual performance. Boys are not given, at least in the Old World, to say pretty things, or to enunciate lofty principles, and yet, for the purposes of the story-teller, they are constantly required to do both, which is apt to create a sense of unreality spoiling our pleasure in the perusal of the most ingeniously constructed tale.

Father Finn's reputation as a caterer of literary entertainment for the young, is firmly established across the Atlantic, and needs no words of ours to extend it. We must, however, confess that we find in his stories the sort of drawback to our enjoyment which we have above indicated. Unless the great Republic of the West has developed an entirely new type of the article, his boys are not of the kind which we encounter in real life. The good ones, who are the majority, are too good, and the bad too conventionally bad, while we can hardly imagine that some of the incidents in which they figure have been drawn from nature. Accordingly, although several of the stories are pretty and affecting, we cannot consider that the author has solved the problem, which we believe to be insoluble, of making a realistic picture of boyish trials and temptations which shall be at once interesting and instructive. On the other hand, we cannot but think that it is a pity to disseminate false ideals. There is at the present day far too great a tendency to

<sup>1</sup> *Mostly Boys.* Short Stories. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York, &c.: Benziger, 1895.



leave out of sight the grave and serious problems which inevitably connect themselves with the education of the young ; to look only on the surface ; and to forget that vital and all-important influences are contending for good and evil beneath ; and it seems to us a mistake to lend countenance to the notion that in any large community of human boys, self-restraint, considerateness for others, or delicacy of feeling, will be the features that most prominently exhibit themselves, or that lofty ideals will be commonly entertained and expressed.

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7.—THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.<sup>1</sup>

In reviewing the Fifth German Edition of this book some little time since, we expressed our admiration so warmly for the popular work of Dr. Gühr on the Mass (see *THE MONTH*, September, 1892), that we feel dispensed on the present occasion from doing more than calling attention to the excellent French translation which now makes that book available for a much larger class of readers in this country. From the fact that the Preface to the Fifth Edition of the original appears at the beginning, we conclude that the translation has been made from that edition, which is in many ways an improvement on its predecessors. The great qualities which make us recommend this work in preference to the numerous other treatises on the same subject, are in the first place the thoroughness with which the theological and liturgical aspects of the subject are dealt with, and secondly the fact that the devotional side is never lost sight of. It is a book which may be recommended to all as spiritual reading of a most profitable kind, while there are few even of the clergy who will not derive much instruction from its pages. We trust that the translation will meet with a large sale.

<sup>1</sup> *Le Saint Sacrifice de la Messe.* Par le Dr. Nicolas Gühr. Traduit par M. l'Abbe L. Moccand. Paris : Lethielleux, 1894.

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IN his *Summa Syntaxica*,<sup>1</sup> Father Laplana has produced a work undeniably scholarly and erudite. His object is, he tells us, to supply the teacher with sound rules of grammar, and with exercises suitable for their amplification. Of the care with which he has illustrated every shade and variety of construction we cannot doubt, but we could have wished that he had made his precepts appeal more to the understanding of the learner, and less to memory alone. As an instance, taken at random, we may cite the following: "*Memini, misereor, obliviscor, recordor, satago* genitivum postulant; pro quo accusativum saepe *memini, obliviscor, recordor.*" Here, as is obvious, no guidance is afforded to the scholar as to the proper circumstances in which to prefer each construction. Yet the underlying principle is plain enough. When actual remembrance or forgetfulness is to be expressed, the accusative is used, as when a boy forgets his lesson by heart. When we have to denote a state of mind, showing itself in practice, we employ the genitive, as when we say that the same boy remembers or forgets his parents' orders. Similiarly *misereor*, always signifying a state of mind, is followed by the same case, but would be more philosophically associated with the impersonal verbs of feeling, which take the genitive of the object, along with an accusative of reference, to indicate the person who entertains the feeling. As to *satago*, it suggests a totally different explanation, the case depending on the adverb with which it is compounded.

We must congratulate Mr. Herder on his publication of the first volume of Herr Detzel's admirable Handbook of Christian

<sup>1</sup> *Summa Syntaxica, cum Thematis ad exercendum.* Auctore Mario Laplana, S.J. Friburg: Herder. (Pars prima, *Summa Syntaxica.* Pars secunda, *Themata ad exercendum.*)

Iconography.<sup>1</sup> It contains the portion referring to God, to our Blessed Lord and His Blessed Mother, with a supplement on the Judgment, the Apocalypse, the Sybils, &c. The second volume is announced for the current year. The illustrations are all that could be desired, and the text is as excellent. One only regret we dare to express is that the work is not in English.

The well-known *Catholic Directory* appears with its wonted punctuality, and continues to keep itself abreast of the day, not only in regard of the statistical details which are its special work, but in supplying useful information as to points touching Catholic interests, as for instance, in regard of the law concerning children and paupers, and the religious teaching and services to which they are entitled.

There seems to be a growing tendency to treat almanacs merely as periodicals of larger orbit, and to include in them a number of attractive features which we are accustomed to associate with our monthly magazines. We have at the present moment three such annuals before us, all of them profusely illustrated, and containing an abundance of useful and entertaining reading. Taking them in order of size, we have first Messrs. Benziger's *Catholic Home Annual for 1895*, well printed, containing a good legible calendar, short stories, poetry, historical sketches, &c., and an excellent coloured frontispiece. Next in order comes *The Catholic Family Annual*, also hailing from across the Atlantic, and printed by the Catholic School Book Company, New York. The contents in this case are of a more serious order, chiefly biographies of deceased celebrities, with exceptionally good portraits. Lastly, we may notice a very quaint little production calling itself *Almanack Illustré de Jeanne d'Arc*, issued by Lethielleux, of Paris. It contains a number of comic sketches not without merit, with a sermon of Père Ollivier, and a series of documents about the national heroine.

In a pamphlet entitled *Some Popular Historical Fallacies Examined*,<sup>2</sup> we find a *brochure* which stands out from the ordinary run of such publications, and which exposes moderately, but very effectively, the weak points of the continuity theory. We have never cared ourselves to make much of a stand over

<sup>1</sup> *Christliche Iconographie*, ein handbuch zum Verständniss der Christlichen Kunst, Von Heinrich Detzel. Erster Band. Freiburg in Breisgau: Herder, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Popular Historical Fallacies Examined*. By the Author of *The Religion of St. Augustine*. London: Burns and Oates.

the Lucius and Pope Eleutherius story, though perhaps it is worth while to point out the very respectable evidence on which it rests; but the other points which the writer brings forward concerning the early Church in this country, are well and tellingly urged. We see that the instalment before us is marked Part I., we hope the reception it meets with may encourage the writer to proceed.

We have received from the Catholic Truth Society, *The Temperance Speeches of Cardinal Manning*: Edited with a Preface by C. Kegan Paul, M.A. (price one shilling), and *Reapers for the Harvest, a Treatise for Laymen and Women*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., with a Letter to the Author by Cardinal Vaughan (price one penny). The names which appear in these titles render it altogether superfluous for us to say any word in commendation of either work.

The Catholic Truth Society (Scottish Branch) are wise in studying variety in their publications. They have sent us this time a catechetical pamphlet on the Blessed Eucharist,<sup>1</sup> extracted from the works of Bishop Hay, whose name guarantees its excellence, and with it a little work of devotion entitled *The Way to Heaven*.<sup>1</sup> The author's name is not given, but a glance at the booklet shows that the contents are solid, if slightly severe. We may notice with this a useful little book on the Mass,<sup>2</sup> by the Abbé F. Hallet, published by the English Catholic Truth Society. It is in stiff covers, and costs threepence. Also from the Scottish Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, we have received Bishop Hay's *Exercises and Prayers for the Sick and Dying* extracted from his *Pious Christian* (one penny), and a short *Dialogue between a Catholic and a Protestant*, by Father George Angus (one halfpenny), in which are discussed in plain and simple language, such topics as usually give most trouble to non-Catholic inquirers: Images, the Worship of Saints, the Latin Liturgy, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Purgatory, Indulgences, Clerical Celibacy, Confession, and Papal Infallibility, all within the compass of twelve pages.

We are much gratified to observe a French translation of the portion of Mr. St. George Mivart's work on *Truth*, which deals with Man (Paris, Lethielleux), and another of Father Zahm's *Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists* (same publisher).

<sup>1</sup> *The Holy Eucharist*. By Bishop Hay. *The Way to Heaven*. Glasgow: Catholic Truth Society (Scottish Branch), 251, Renfrew Street.

<sup>2</sup> *An Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass*. By the Abbé F. Hallet. Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

Mr. Sparkes, the Principal of the South Kensington National Art Training School, has written, conjointly with Mr. Burbridge, Curator of the University Botanical Gardens, Dublin, an elaborately illustrated work on wild flowers, with practical hints as to their painting.<sup>1</sup> If the book is intended for drawing-room tables, we can understand the interspersed poems, with illustrations by Mr. Ryland. The chromolithographic illustrations of the flowers are beautiful. But for art purposes, we should have preferred conventional, or ornamental treatment of the flowers taken from old painters, or designed as a guide to new.

A remarkable monograph on a remarkable double crucifix of the twelfth century, which escaped from the sack of the Abbey of St. Trudpert, at Freiburg in Breisgau, has been reprinted from the *Schau-ins-Land*.<sup>2</sup> The whole is an admirable specimen of painstaking archæological research.

The spread of Protestantism in France, and its activity in availing itself of the invention of printing, is clearly shown in a *brochure*<sup>3</sup> on the introduction of the printing-press into Alençon.

If elaborate margins and dainty cover redeemed all Mr. Crane's mannerisms, we could speak with unabated praise of the elegant volume illustrating the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.<sup>4</sup>

The deeply interesting Church of Lestingham deserves a careful memoir.<sup>5</sup> Mr. Wall, like so many of his school, cannot be fair when writing of Saxon days. His statement that St. Paulinus' mission came "to an end without accomplishing any great good," is surely a gross exaggeration, just as it is to say that "he (St. Paulinus) had again (*sic*) left it to its original paganism." What of the deacon who stayed behind at York? Can Mr. Wall have made the assertion gravely, that fright at the state of the country was the cause of his (the Saint's) so leaving it? Had the holy Archbishop no duties towards the young Queen, the daughter of his royal benefactor, St. Ethelbert? Neither was St. Paulinus "flinching the inspiration of

<sup>1</sup> *Wild Flowers in Art and Nature*. By J. C. L. Sparkes and F. W. Burbridge, M.A., London.

<sup>2</sup> *Das Kreuz von St. Trudpert*, eine alamanische Nielloarbeit aus spätromanischer Zeit. Von Mark Rosenberg. Freiburg in Breisgau, 1894.

<sup>3</sup> *Etablissement d'imprimeries à Alençon de 1529 à 1575*. Par Mme. Gerasime Despierres. Paris, 1894.

<sup>4</sup> *Illustrations to Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona*. By Walter Crane. London, 1894.

<sup>5</sup> *The Monastic Church of Lestingham*. By J. Charles Wall. London, 1894.

St. Aidan." (p. 13.) There was no connection at all between the two. It was the failure of a Keltic brother monk which led St Aidan to undertake the work, at the prayer of his religious brethren. And so again the author talks (p. 30) as if the question between the Keltic monks and those directly from Rome was "nominally of canonical orders"! Had this little work been free from these serious blemishes, it would have deserved a hearty welcome, for it is evidently the result of much research.

An American lady who has spent fifteen years in the south-east of China, and who was favourably circumstanced by her knowledge of the dialect to learn the manners of the people,<sup>1</sup> gives an interesting and apparently reliable account of the domestic life of a singular people.

A series of interesting detached essays on various places in the county of Surrey,<sup>2</sup> and on matters connected with it, has just appeared. It contains articles on Southwark, Lambeth Palace, Battersea, and Clapham, and it is a work well worth adding to a Londoner's library, or even to the library of any one interested in the history of our country.

The history of the organists and of the organs of the great Cathedral of Rouen<sup>3</sup> has but a narrow interest. But the authors of a work on this subject have done all in their power to make it interesting. The restoration of the old *jubilé* in the frontispiece and the specimens of compositions by two of the organists have their special value.

Dr. Bonavia has attempted to assign names to the various plants which appear in the Assyrian Sculptures,<sup>4</sup> and to explain their symbolism. His work requires a knowledge of Assyriology to criticize it, but it is naturally of interest even to one who is not so gifted.

The labour of arranging and calendaring the documents belonging to the Cathedral of Wells,<sup>5</sup> has enabled the Rev. C. M. Church to write in great fulness what he modestly calls, *Chapters*

<sup>1</sup> *A Corner of Cathay*. Studies from Life among the Chinese. By Adele M. Fielde. Illustrated by Chinese artists. New York, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Bygone Surrey*. Edited by George Clinch and S. W. Kershaw, M.A., F.S.A. London, 1895.

<sup>3</sup> *Les Orgues et les Organistes de la Cathédrale de Rouen*. Par MM. A. Collette et A. Bourdon. Rouen, 1894.

<sup>4</sup> *The Flora of the Assyrian Monuments and its Outcomes*. By E. Bonavia, M.D., Brigade-Surgeon, I.M.D. Westminster, 1894.

<sup>5</sup> *Chapters in the Early History of the Church of Wells, A.D. 1136—1833*. By the Rev. C. M. Church, M.A., F.S.A.

on the *Early History of the Church of Wells*. The work is in fact a careful history of the splendid building and foundation raised by our Catholic forefathers to the honour of St. Andrew. It is interesting to note that it was Alfred the Great who handed on the devotion to his favourite Saint, St. Cuthbert, in these southern parts, which found its expression in the parish church dedicated to the Northumbrian Bishop in the city of Wells. The author translates *regulariter et religiose cohabitare*—living “together as a celibate brotherhood.” (p. 5.) Bishop Giso it was who enacted the order that the canons should live, as the Latin version tells us, and the natural conclusion for our Anglican historian was that up to that time they had been a married clergy. When John of Tours succeeded Giso, he “destroyed the conventual (*sic*) buildings; and the canons once more lived in houses in the town—*cum populo communiter*.” But the Church does not interpret the expression as meaning that *they returned to their wives!*

A fresh volume of a work but lately noticed in our pages, has appeared, on the Rhine provinces,<sup>1</sup> a perfect model of a county history.

*The Pictures of Bohemia*,<sup>2</sup> by Walter Crane, by Watley, and from photographs are charming; but we cannot say as much for the text of a work published by the Religious Tract Society, necessarily coloured with violent Protestant bias.

A magnificent work on John Russell,<sup>3</sup> a portrait painter of the last century, but little known, though an R.A., has just appeared. Letter-press, vignettes, process reproductions, all are worthy of a higher theme. But many of the portraits are charming.

Gaillard,<sup>4</sup> the brilliant decorator of so many public buildings in France, was an artist, if not of high ideal, of wonderful power. His style, modelled on the great painters of the Renaissance, had much of their genius and too much of their wantonness. The reproduction of the works of his facile brush forms a handsome volume which has just appeared.

<sup>1</sup> *Die Kunstdenkmäler der Rheinprovinz*. Dritter band. Von Paul Clemen. Dusseldorf, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Pictures from Bohemia, drawn with Pen and Pencil*. By James Baker, F.R.G.S. Religious Tract Society.

<sup>3</sup> *John Russell, R.A.* By Geo. C. Williamson, D.Lit., with an Introduction by Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. London, 1894.

<sup>4</sup> *L'œuvre de P. V. Gaillard*. Par Henri Havard. Paris, 1895.



Of two new volumes of the series on art published under French Government patronage one deals with Indo-Chinese art.<sup>1</sup> Tonquin does not seem to have done much more than borrow freely from its neighbours both its cults and its art. Nor do the troubled times of French protection seem to favour nowadays the development of what genius the natives possess. A second volume gives a very complete account of incised gems by so competent an authority as the keeper of the department of medals and antiques in the National Library of Paris. To engrave a cameo takes as long a time as to build a cathedral. A curious chapter in the book is on the use of ancient stones during the middle ages, as signet rings or as ornaments of sacred vessels. Constantly the pagan figure on the cameo was re-named as a saint. Of these gems a large portion came from Constantinople when that city was sacked by the Crusaders.

The third number of the *Bibliographia*<sup>2</sup> displays all the characteristics of its predecessors, careful execution, research, and interesting subjects. Mr. Garnet's curious article on Paraguayan and Argentine Bibliography shows that the Jesuits were the first who introduced printing into those regions.

An excellent collection of Raphael's Madonnas<sup>3</sup> has just been published, with others of his works. But we miss any illustration of his inimitable frescoes of the *Stanza*, which are certainly his greatest achievements. We are glad to see that the author of the well-written memoir regards the story of Raphael's immoral life as being baseless. To have been pure in days like his was no small praise.

A little pamphlet of twenty pages on the paintings in the Chapel of the Lepers' Home at Poissy,<sup>4</sup> deserves notice for the thoroughness with which the subject is treated, for the concise sketch of Lepers' Homes in general, and that of Poissy, and its Chapel of St. Lazarus, in particular.

M. Goyau has published an excellent popular Lexicon of Roman Antiquities for intermediate schools.<sup>5</sup> The fact that he

<sup>1</sup> *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des Beaux-Arts. L'Art Indo-Chinois.* Par Albert de Pouvoirville (Matgioi). Paris, 1894. *La gravure en pierres fines, camées et intailles.* Par Ernest Babelon. Paris, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Bibliographia.* Part III. London, 1894.

<sup>3</sup> *Raphael's Madonnas and other great pictures, reduced from the original paintings, with a Life of Raphael, and an account of his chief works.* By Karl Károly. London, 1894.

<sup>4</sup> *Les Peintures murales de la Maladrerie de Poissy.* Par E. Mareuse. Versailles, 1894.

<sup>5</sup> *Lexique des Antiquités Romaines.* Par G. Goyau. Paris, 1895.

is a member of the French School of Rome is a guarantee for the work giving the latest authorities. The work is well and wisely illustrated. There is at the end of the book a capital table of works grouped under their respective subjects.

Among the many magnificent monastic institutions which have survived the shock of ages in Austria, is the great Abbey of the Canons Regular of Klosterneuburg.<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of the completion of the restoration of the church, and its surrounding buildings, Mgr. Drexler has published an exhaustive account of the abbey and its treasures. Begun in the earlier years of the twelfth century, it has undergone many changes. In the eighteenth century an Italian architect was commissioned to remodel the whole into a sort of Escorial, and the interior of the church was Romanized so completely that no vestige of the original lines has survived. The glory of the place is the vast tryptical altar in silver, the work of Nicholas of Verdun, in 1207. It is covered with enamel subjects from the Bible, and surmounted with the shrine of St. Leopold, the founder of the house. But the chalices, reliquaries, monstrances, and other treasures of the sacristy, are of wonderful magnificence, and many of rare interest from an artistic point of view.

Sir John Robinson's position, as Keeper of the Royal Galleries,<sup>2</sup> enables him to speak with authority on any subject connected with painting; and he has great breadth of view. He is old, and therefore rises above the ever-shifting currents of *fin de siècle* art. His record of the marvellous changes which fashion brings about in art makes one almost sceptical as to art standards and to the truth of ideals.

Our brothers of Victoria<sup>3</sup> have shown that they have attained their majority, by the fine collection of pictures they have formed in Melbourne. The best men of the English and foreign schools are all represented, but the paintings are almost entirely modern.

<sup>1</sup> *Das Stift Klosterneuburg.* Von Karl Drexler, Apostol. Titular-Protonotar. Vienna, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *English Art Connoisseurship and Collecting.* By Sir John Robinson. (*Nineteenth Century*, vol. xxxvi. n. 212, October, 1894.)

<sup>3</sup> *Illustrated Catalogue of the National Gallery, Melbourne.* Melbourne, 1894.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Beaumont Review*,<sup>1</sup> the first number of which appeared in December, is the latest addition to the growing ranks of Catholic school journalism, and commences what we hope will be a long career, with an excellent number. We notice as somewhat of a novelty, that it apparently contemplates the signing of all articles with the authors' names, and likewise the remuneration of contributors.

The elaborate centenary number of the *Ushaw Magazine* is an interesting record of an interesting event, the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the great northern College in its first English home at Crook Hall, although, as we understand, the real secular festivities are to be reserved for the year 1908, when Ushaw itself will have been occupied for a century, and those now recorded were of a quiet and domestic character in comparison with what will be there celebrated. Like everything connected with Ushaw, this record breathes a refreshing spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm, on the part of her sons towards their *Alma Mater*. We do not venture any opinion as to the thorny question of the disputed claim to the successorship of Douay, urged respectively by Ushaw and St. Edmund's, Old Hall, to which an interesting paper is here devoted.

In connection with this, though very much behind time, we may notice the still more elaborate record of the Stonyhurst Centenary, celebrated last July, which was given, nearly three months ago, by a similar special number of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, in which, besides a very interesting description of all that took place on the occasion, are presented some plates which will certainly become historical, the great episcopal procession to the Church, the centenary dinner, to which more than six hundred sat down, and the large group of visitors taken in the quadrangle; besides which are excellent sketches of Oliver Cromwell, Richard Shireburn, and Serjeant "Smite-them-hip-and-thigh," as they appeared in the Centenary Operetta.

<sup>1</sup> Published at Beaumont College. Thrice yearly.

Articles in recent numbers :

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (November 28, 1894.)

The Ninth Centenary of St. Wolfgang. Fr. Baumgartner, S.J.

The Ravenna Mosaics (conclusion). Fr. Beissel, S.J.

The Spread of the Phylloxera. Fr. Wasmann, S.J.

Henry George and the Encyclical *Rerum novarum* (conclusion). Fr. Pesch, S.J.

The Story of a Hapless Royal Prince (Don Carlos). Fourth article (conclusion). Fr. Pfülf, S.J.

History of the *Fête des fous*. Fr. Dreves, S.J.

Reviews.—Fr. Gaude, C.S.S.R., *Moral System of St. Alphonsus*. Kehrbach's *Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica xvi. Ratio Studiorum, etc. Soc. Jesu, &c.*

*Current Bibliography.*

*Miscellany.*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (January, 1895.)

The Church in relation to Culture and Civilization. I. Fr. Pesch, S.J.

Flemish Altars in the Rhenish Provinces and Westphalia. Fr. Beissel, S.J.

The Rector of the Berlin University on the "Truth" of Faith. Fr. Frick, S.J.

The Spanish Armada and the growth of Legend. Fr. Zimmermann, S.J.

The Campaign against the Phylloxera. Fr. Wasmann, S.J.

The "Crowned" Drama *Africa*. Fr. Kreiten, S.J.

Reviews.—Dr. Zschokke's *St. Stephen's Church, Vienna*. Fr. Frins' *Doctrine of St. Thomas on Divine Co-operation and Free-will, &c.*

*Current Bibliography.*

*Miscellany.*

THE CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 1, 1894.)

The Sixth Centenary of the Holy House of Loreto.

The Charity of the *Obolo* for Impoverished Religious in Italy.

The Mass of the Secret Societies.

Ricordo Materno (a tale).

Reviews.—Fr. Brandi's *Scriptural Questions and the Encyclical, &c.*

*Bibliography.*

*Chronicle.*

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 15, 1894.)

Catholic Socialism.

The Operation of Instinct in Animals.

Agricultural Protective Co-operative Associations (viii.).

Ricordo Materno.

*Reviews.*

*Natural Science.*

*Chronicle.*

The ÉTUDES. (December, 1894.)

M. Zola's *Three Cities*. I. *Lourdes*. Fr. Martin, S.J.

The Originals of the Latin Bible: pre-Hieronimite Texts.

Fr. Méchineau, S.J.

Leconte de Lisle. Fr. Delaporte, S.J.

The Conclave *apropos* of a Recent Book. Fr. Desjardins, S.J.

The action of Oil on Troubled Waters. Second Article.

Fr. de Joannis, S.J.

*Critiques and Miscellanies.*—Pope Leo XIII. The Stonyhurst Centenary, &c.

*Chronicle.*

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (November 15th.)

E. Jacquier. The Study of the New Testament.

F. Vernel. The Sermons of St. Bernardine of Sienna.

Abbé Delfour. M. de Vogüé.

A. Bonnel. History of the Lycée at Lyons.

Summary of Recent Books on Philosophy.

Recent Science.

LITERARISCHE RUNDSCHAU. (December 1st.)

Baumgarten. John Baptist de Rossi (containing a full bibliography).

Braig. Recent Philosophy (second article).

Krieg. Review of two volumes of the *Monumenta Germanicæ Pædagogica* (one of which is Vol. iv. of the series on the Ratio Studiorum S.J.)

